



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

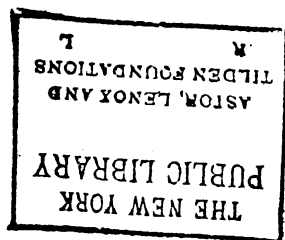
Digitized by Google

NDH

Rogerson









RHYME ROMANCE AND REVERY

BY

JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON



THE WILD FLOWER'S TENDRIL, PROOF OF FEEBLENESS,
PROVES STRENGTH; AND SO WE FLING OUR FEELINGS OUT,
THE TENDRILS OF THE HEART, TO BEAR US UP.

PESTUS.

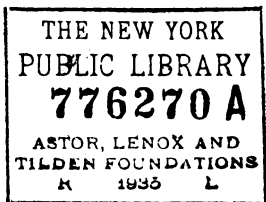
LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

MDCCCXL.

p. 25.13

1. English Literature - Wm.



PRINTED BY WILMOT HENRY JONES
MANCHESTER

NOY WEB
1.10.17
1.10.17

TO
THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS"

This Volume

IS DEDICATED
AS A TOKEN OF RESPECTFUL ESTEEM

AND
AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS GENIUS.

J. B. ROGERSON.

*Manchester, 1840. *

W. T. Rogers - 2d Nov. 1934.

PREFACE.

PORTIONS of this book were written several years ago, when I had more leisure than has of late been at my command. Some of the articles have already appeared in the Monthly Magazine and other periodicals, and I may be thought to have undertaken a superfluous task in collecting them. Though it is the fashion to ape humility, there are few persons without a due share of vanity, and SELF is always at home. Were its instrumentality in calling into existence the present publication

to be acknowledged, such an admission would, perhaps, as readily obtain credence as the common assertion of being influenced by the urgent solicitation of partial friends. There are some things in the book that it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader were written in the days of adolescence, but they have been retained as reminiscences of those periods of existence in which we are apt to pourtray feelings which exist only in the imagination.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE CONDEMNED	1
VISIONS	42
TO MY FIRST-BORN	46
THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE	52
EARLY RECOLLECTIONS	56
THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM	65
NATIVE LAND	68
THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOVE	71
THE LEG	75
TO THE EVENING STAR	90
THE WORLD OF FLOWERS	91
THE OFFERING	94

K

A

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED RELATIVE	95
EVENING	98
A RAINY DAY	99
TO A STREAM	106
ALBERT AND GERALDINE	107
LOVE-DOUBTS	114
TO MARIAN	115
LINES WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION OF A DESIGN BY THE	
LATE HENRY LIVERSEGE	119
THE SELF	123
REPININGS	150
THE POET'S LOVE	151
THE SIRE'S FAREWELL	154
DREAMS OF A CONVICT	157
THE LAST ADIEU	161
MY NOSE	163
THE LITTLE SPEITE	173
FORTUNE'S FROWNS	177
PAST AND FUTURE	181
EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A SUICIDE	184
THE LADY OF MY HEART	195

CONTENTS

XI

SERENADE	199
LOVERS' TOKENS	201
A FIDDLER'S DREAM	204
I SIT BESIDE HER IN THE HALL	212
THE RUINED MAN	214
THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES THE SECOND	232
ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY	236
CANZONET	239
MEDITATIONS ON AN OLD HAT	241
OH, WELL I LOVE MY GENTLE MAID	247
REMINISCENCES	250
THE FAREWELL	252
LINES ON A TOMB, THE INSCRIPTION OF WHICH WAS EFFACED BY TIME	255
WOMAN'S LOVE	257
VIOLETS	264
THE FATHER ON THE LOSS OF A TWIN-CHILD	269
THE HAUNTED STREAM—A GERMAN LEGEND	273
MARGARET	297
NIGHT THOUGHTS	299
I LOVE THEM	301

XII

CONTENTS

THE SECRET BRIDAL	304
TO A POET'S CHILD	322
DREAMS OF THE DEAD	325
WHEN THE STARS ARE BRIGHTLY SHINING	329
THE WILL	332
TO——, ON HER MARRIAGE	342
THE SIBYL—A PICTURE	345
LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED FEMALE	
VOCALIST	347
AGNES LEE	350
BEAUTY'S MORN AND NOON	363
A DAUGHTER TO HER DEAD SIRE	365
OH, THINK'ST THOU I REMEMBER NOT	366
TO THE BELLS	369
FAIRS	371
THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT	381
TO AN INFANT	385
THE DREAM	388
THE BETROTHED	391

THE CONDEMNED

My first, my holiest love—her broken heart
Lies low—and I—unpardoned, I depart!

FELICIA HEMANS.

It was about the middle of July, when, after many invitations and broken promises, I set out to visit an old schoolfellow, who had taken unto himself a mate, and was comfortably settled at a distance from the smoke and noise of the town in which I resided. A considerable portion of my way lay through cross-country roads and straggling villages, whose deep quiet had never been broken by the rumble of a stage-coach; I therefore

mounted my steed, and proceeded at an easy pace, calculating to reach the end of my journey before nightfall. I trotted on for an hour or two pleasantly enough, alternately admiring the surrounding scenery, and recalling to my memory the many boyish frolics in which the friend I was visiting and myself had of old indulged. I had been for sometime absorbed in one of these remembrances, when I was awakened from my revery by the sound of distant thunder; and the hitherto unnoticed clouds, which I perceived gathering above my head, seemed the dark heralds of a coming storm. Urging my horse to a quicker pace, I was enabled to arrive at a small village before the loaded heavens discharged their freightage. There was not any place in the village designated by the name of an inn, and I found a difficulty in procuring shelter for myself and horse. I at length succeeded in providing my steed a defence against the weather in an out-building, and took up my own quarters in an old but comfortable-looking farm-house. The rain,

that now beat violently against the windows, and the increasing denseness of the clouds, afforded me the prospect of a thorough wet day, whilst the only thing on which I could congratulate myself was, that I had escaped being drenched to the skin.

Washington Irving has well described the monotony of a rainy Sunday to one confined in an inn, but even there I am inclined to think more variety may be found than in a farm-house. A rainy day in the country is truly a dreary thing. There is certainly something to cheer and console a person in town, when confined to the house by incessant rain. Seated at our casement, what an idea of snugness comes upon us, as we contrast the dryness and warmth of our own situation with that of the poor defenceless wretches who hurry along with garments streaming with the liquid element, and hats whose opposite extremities are converted into water-spouts. This is all remarkably gratifying, but in the country we have no such amusement. However, there I sat, determined

to be as content as possible, and at least not to lack entertainment from a want of observation. So I gazed upon the trees, and watched the drops which the wind shook from the leaves; and upon the flowers, which looked as though they actually felt the agonies of drowning; and I also remarked, with no pleasant sensation, the overflowing of a large pool, which threatened shortly to inundate the house. These things met my eyes until they ached, and I turned away, devoured with spleen and ennui. My faculties of hearing were as agreeably greeted as those of vision—the ticking of an old clock, the occasional cackle of fowls, the neighing of my horse, and the lowing of cows, were the various and pleasing sounds which saluted me. I inquired for a book, and was shewn my host's collection. I found it to consist of an old folio Bible, in which the births and deaths of the family were carefully registered; two prayer books; Sternhold and Hopkins's elegant version of the Psalms; and a volume which seemed the type of eternity, having neither beginning nor end.

I felt still more irritable and melancholy, and had come to the determination of sallying forth, and braving all the fury of the storm, when I was induced to change my resolution by an observation proceeding from my host. He had hitherto sat reserved and silent, solacing himself with a pipe, which he evidently preferred to my conversation, having answered any remarks I thought proper to address to him with nothing more than a monosyllable. "Perhaps," said he, withdrawing the tube reluctantly from his lips, and speaking with an effort, in a tone of voice resembling that which one would suppose saluted the ears of Balaam, when his ass was gifted with the power of speech,—“perhaps the gentleman would like to look at the papers left by the stranger.” Though these words were addressed to his wife, I eagerly caught at their import, and inquired to what he alluded. I was informed that some months ago, a stranger, apparently about five-and-twenty years of age, with nothing singular in his appearance, except the extreme paleness

of his features, and the wild and restless character of his eyes, had resided under their roof for a few days. It was night, when seemingly exhausted by travel, he knocked at the door of their dwelling and earnestly craved shelter, protesting he was utterly unable to proceed further on his journey. His request was granted, and at his own wish he was accommodated with a small chamber in the most remote part of the house. He promised to remunerate them handsomely for his short stay, on condition that they preserved a strict secrecy as to his being an inmate of their habitation. Having procured paper and writing-materials, he seldom left his room for more than a few moments, and would, on the sound of an approaching footstep, immediately rush into his place of concealment. At his departure he placed in the hands of the farmer a sealed packet, with an injunction that he should not open it until a month had elapsed. This packet, which contained the following manuscript, was now produced for my perusal. My

host had broken the seal, but finding the writing unintelligible, he had thrown it aside before he had finished the first page. I sat down, determined to wade through it, and certainly found some parts of it rather difficult to interpret. As I was permitted for a trifling consideration to retain possession of the manuscript, I have at my leisure been enabled to unravel its occasional obscurities, and now present to the reader a literal transcript.

In a few days I shall be far from England, and all who have ever felt an interest in my fate. I have no motive in writing this narrative, except that of beguiling the short period of time which I have yet to remain in my native land, ere the vessel that is to bear me hence is in readiness. Should these pages by chance meet



the eyes of any of those who knew me in happier days, let me hope they will pity, if they cannot pardon, one who hath been the victim of his passions.

My parents were respectable, and though not affluent, above the wants of the world. One circumstance destroyed their comfort. They were destined to behold their earliest offspring sink into the grave just as the mind began to unfold itself. I, more hardy than the rest, struggled with death and overcame him. Others were born after me, but they all shared the fate of my predecessors, and I—the doomed—the guilty one was alone destined to survive. It was for this reason that I was so loved, so idolized by my parents: they feared that I too should fall beneath the destroyer, and like some florist who finds all the flowers he prized, save one, perish, they built their sole hope on the bud which was still left them. My disposition was not naturally bad, but my passions were ever easily excited, and from my infancy I have been the victim, the

slave of impulse. Still childhood was unattended with crime, and to it I can look back with feelings of unmixed delight, for even in childhood commenced that love which through my dark career has clung to my heart in its original freshness and purity. Yes, my Bertha—I cannot choose but call thee mine—amidst the clouds of guilt which overshadow my soul thou art living in my remembrance; thy image is yet unbroken. Still do I recall the time when first we met—thou, a happy child, radiant with innocence and beauty, and I, a glad and careless boy. Oh, God! when, unconscious that the world held aught of sin, our arms were entwined around each other's forms—when we gathered the daisy and the cup of gold, free from taint as themselves—when we reclined by the glassy stream, or chased the winged insects—who would THEN have thought that the world's sorrow and the world's shame would fall on beings so pure and sinless? Those were days of joy, of bright, unclouded joy; but I see thee as thou wert in other days—days

when, if care and pain at times mingled with our bliss, it was more exquisite and intense. Well do I remember the time when first we became conscious of the deep, the undying love which was blent with our very existence, with our life's blood, never to die until life itself became extinguished. I see thee now, my Bertha, as when in pale and dreamy beauty, thou listenedst to my vows of changeless love—the moon, the bright and blessed moon, looked down in smiles upon thee, and the pure stars above our heads shone fair and tremblingly, as though they gazed upon thy gentle breast, and throbbed in sympathy; and oh! the tears, the dewy tears that streamed upon my cheek as in my arms I clasped my first, my last, mine only love.

I shall hasten over this period of my life, this oasis in the desert of my existence, for it is not the quiet joy of my early youth, but the events of after years that I have taken up my pen to record. I have said that my love for Bertha commenced in childhood. It increased with our years, it

grew more fervent as time passed over us—at its birth, a small and sparkling brook, it glided on in placid beauty, gathering fresh strength and power in its course, until it burst forth a mighty and a chainless stream. My equal in society, and the daughter of my father's dearest friend, I saw not the slightest obstacle to our union, and for awhile the future seemed as though it were only fraught with blessings. Jealousy is at once the offspring and the curse of love. I was susceptible of it to an extraordinary degree. I could not endure that she should smile, that she should look upon another. I was miserable if she stirred abroad and I was absent from her side. She never gave me the slightest reason to doubt her constancy; she knew my foible, yet never breathed a reproach against my causeless doubts. I strove to subdue, to conquer this baleful passion—in vain—if she unavoidably was constrained to leave her home, and I found her not there, I wandered near the house like an unquiet spirit, pacing with hurried steps, until I saw her return. I have lain whole

nights parched and sleepless, haunted by some chance look or word bestowed by her upon another. There were moments when it was impossible to control the jealous rage that rankled at my heart, like a serpent devouring its very core, and I would start up and rush from her into the open street, cursing my miserable failing, though unable to get the better of it. Oh, how I doted on that girl! after passing hours with her, and when prudence at length told me to depart, in the darkness of night, when the blast and the rain beat upon me, I have lingered in the cold and desolate streets gazing on the small window of her sleeping-chamber, until the disappearance of the light told me she sought repose, and I have then left the spot breathing blessings on her name. I never uttered that dear name save with a tongue faltering at its utterance—I never heard it casually mentioned in the cold tone of indifference, without feeling as though it were a profanation so to mention it, and yet my soul sickened when the lips of the stranger praised her loveliness. Per-

chance I worshipped her as a creature should not be worshipped—perchance I paid to her that adoration which ought only to be paid to the Creator. I could have bowed down before an inanimate object consecrated by her touch, as bends the devotee before his altar. I could not deem her a mere mortal—I could have prostrated myself at her feet as a divinity, and kissed the ground she had hallowed by her footsteps. If, however, I was an idolater, I sought not for proselytes—and I wished to be alone in my idolatry. I had set up an idol, and I wished to offer my vows in secret, the sole, the only one of my creed.

Indolent, irresolute, and naturally unfitted for business, it was with difficulty I was at length prevailed upon by my parents to make choice of a profession. I chose the law, and was soon disgusted with the dry and laborious study which it was necessary I should go through, in order to qualify myself for the profession. I became acquainted with a set of wild and dissolute young fellows, who, like myself, preferred pleasure to

business. I was a frequent visiter at the theatres, and grew enamoured of the stage. Whilst my eyes travelled mechanically over tedious treatises on conveyancing, my imagination was wandering to the glowing language of Shakspeare, and I fancied myself an embryo Roscius. How I envied the life of a leading actor! With what a proud consciousness of the superiority of my own conception and execution did I repeat to myself the passages for the delivery of which I had heard others so loudly applauded. If once allowed to appear in public, my fame was sealed. I should start into perfection at once; the splendour of my genius would dispense with and atone for my want of practice and ignorance of the minor requisites of an actor, and I should speedily eclipse all competitors. A private theatre was formed, in which I and my stage-struck companions might indulge our propensity. Here we ranted and strutted, much to our own amusement and satisfaction, though, no doubt, greatly to the annoyance of those friends who were patient enough to listen to

us. I became the leader, the hero of the company; and my own opinion as to my talents was fully confirmed by my associates, who pronounced me a star of the first magnitude. Dazzled and intoxicated with my success in the limited sphere of my exertions, I panted for a wider and more extensive field on which to display my abilities, where I might be seen and appreciated by numerous, and, of course, enraptured auditors. Being now quite possessed with the theatrical mania, the law became still more hateful and neglected. How was it possible that I could stoop to its vile drudgery, when I felt within my mind a power which I fondly deemed was destined to shed a lustre over the dramatic horizon? Why was I to check the aspirations of my spirit, why was I to smother the ambition which burned within my bosom, whilst perfecting myself in the details of a profession which must ever be repugnant to me? Thus did I foolishly argue with myself. I saw no reason why I should make this important sacrifice, and I had almost arrived at the determination of

making a clandestine retreat, and, under an assumed name, becoming a follower of the sock and buskin, when an unexpected occurrence confirmed my resolution.

My obvious inattention and carelessness had caused frequent and angry altercations between my master and myself, MY part in which was always supported with an insolence only warranted by the opinion I had formed of my requisites for the stage. My father was appealed to repeatedly, and these complaints, coupled with the late hours and loose company I was in the habit of keeping, elicited from him severe reprimands and reproaches. I sometimes resolved to reform and abandon the course of life I was pursuing, but, on meeting with any of my companions, I always found my resolutions too weak to stand against their ridicule. at my expressions of remorse, and I plunged still deeper into the vortex of dissipation.

One evening, after having been embroiled in fresh disputes with my employer, I took my way

to a neighbouring tavern, in hopes to drown my vexation by copious draughts of liquor. Fool that I was! had I but reflected for a moment, I might have known it would produce a contrary effect. Each glass I swallowed only increased the bitterness of my feelings, until, in a perfect paroxysm of rage, I rapidly bent my steps homeward, vowing I would no longer submit to the will of a mean, pitiful, pettifogging tyrant. Well had it been for me, if I had directed my feet to any other abode save my own. How inexplicable is human nature! the mind can often calmly contemplate a great and dire calamity, whilst the most trivial dispute will frequently suffer passion to gain the entire ascendancy over reason, at least so it was with me; I could have heard with comparative composure that all my future prospects were suddenly blasted, and now a few angry words had raised within my breast an ungovernable fury. I reached home, and flinging myself on a chair, sat for a time in moody silence. I was roused from this state of sullenness by the loud and

reproachful tones of my father's voice. He was a man of mild and gentle disposition, and little subject to violent emotion, but there are few persons who can calmly submit to be treated contemptuously, especially by their own offspring. He had been speaking to me some time in a cool and collected tone, reasoning with me on the absurdity of my conduct, and I, wrapt in my own thoughts, had not answered nor even heard his expostulations. My apparent obstinacy and contempt had roused his anger, and, awakened from my revery, I was compelled to hear a volley of stinging taunts on my behaviour. I sat awhile, listening to his discourse and endeavouring unavailingly to allay the ferment which boiled tumultuously within my veins. A spell—a black,—a withering spell came over me—my blood seemed turned to gall—it deserted my cheeks, and in its place, I felt as though a foul and jaundiced tide had imparted to my features a ghastly yellow. I started up with the intention of quitting the house. My father rose to impede my progress,

and placed himself betwixt me and the door. My eyes burnt hot as living coals, within their sockets—I was desperate,—mad with rage—I scarce knew what I was about to do—I wished to escape—he endeavoured to compel me to stay—I struggled with him—hell was busy in my heart and brain—I struck him—a vile, a cursed blow laid my parent prostrate at my feet! I did not stay to contemplate the deed—my mother's shrieks rang in my ears, and like a second Cain, I fled to wander I knew not whither—a wretched, guilty fugitive.

With rapid strides, unconscious what direction I took, I traversed many streets, and at last halted from very weariness at an obscure public-house. I had been stunned, horrified with the crime I had committed, but now I beheld it in its most fearful nature. I procured a bed, and cast myself on it without undressing. I slept, and sleep was agony, for I dreamt, dreamt that I was a parricide!—I again struck a cursed blow, but I was armed with a murderous weapon

—I saw it reek with life-drops from my father's heart—I was seized, tried, condemned ; and awoke as the hangman's cord, tightened around my neck, was twisting my features into black and horrible distortion. In the dark and silent night I longed for morning, and when it dawned I turned shuddering from its light. What was I to do? home I could not go—no, no, home was no place for me—I could never again encounter the glance of HIS eye, I could not endure to stand before him against whom my arm had been so madly and sinfully uplifted. A thousand times did I wish that as I had raised it to accomplish my fatal purpose, the Almighty in his wrath had shrunk it into withered impotence, and cast it dangling by my side, a useless excrescence. One moment's guilt had sealed my fate, and I was now an alien from kindred and friends. I determined to fly far away from my native town, trusting to chance to decide whether or not I should again re-visit it. I had but one resource—the stage ; and putting in practice

my long-cherished scheme, I resolved under a feigned name to become a candidate for theatrical fame. Bertha, my own—my gentle Bertha, I must leave her too,—leave her without one farewell! for how could I appear before her in her innocent beauty, and tell the tale of my shame unto her unpolluted ears? It was impossible we should be separated for ever,—but branded as I was, I would depart, leaving no clue by which to trace my destination: nor did I doubt her changeless love would welcome back the sinful wanderer when fate again should bring him to her presence.

I had heard there was a travelling company of comedians at a small town, about twenty miles distant from my native place, and thither I determined to go in quest of an engagement. I was scantily provided with money, and carried my wardrobe on my back, so that I thought travelling on foot would be the most eligible method of accomplishing my journey. I had proceeded about ten miles on my way, and was

by this time pretty well lined with dust, and exhausted by the excessive heat, for it was a cloudless summer's day, and the sun was in its meridian, when I was overtaken by a fellow-pedestrian. He was a man apparently between thirty and forty years of age, possessing a remarkably sallow complexion, features rather prepossessing, though strongly marked ; and an eye so bright and restless, that it was hardly possible to name the object on which it glanced, ere it had taken a fresh direction. His clothes and appearance were of that cast which is usually termed shabby genteel. He seemed to have gone through no ordinary share of the world's troubles, but he walked along with a light and careless step, twirling about his small bundle and humming a sprightly air, as though he set sorrow at defiance. He hesitated not to accost me, and after a short conversation, proposed that we should halt at the next inn in order to refresh ourselves. I willingly acceded to this proposition. My companion allowed me to defray the

expense of our refreshments, observing it would be all as one when we arrived at our next resting-place ; and as his spirits became more buoyant each time he applied the tankard to his lips, when we recommenced our journey, the movements of his tongue were as brisk as his steps. The fellow seemed somewhat of a humourist, and the following dialogue ensued between us.

“ You appear, like myself, fond of travelling on foot, and what mode of travelling is more agreeable ? especially to a man whose time is in his own hands, and to whom arriving a few hours sooner or later at his place of destination is of no consequence. Stage-coaches I detest—they are only for your sons of business, your men of trade, who fly from spot to spot with the speed of skyrockets, chasing the phantom wealth, which, when obtained, they cannot appreciate, and want souls to enjoy. The outside of one of these vehicles is my aversion : if you escape being blinded with dust, you no sooner fix your eyes on a fine prospect, than you are

whirled away from it ; if you are stationed in the inside, you might as well be incarcerated in a moving dungeon, save that you have the agreeable addition of the eternal rattling of wheels, enlivened ever and anon by the melodious tones of a horn, blown loud enough to split your ears, and the senseless chatter of stupid companions."

"Your opinion, I must confess, is at variance with my own ; and my being a foot-passenger at the present time is rather a matter of necessity than choice."

"Oh, I understand—travelling incog. Mum ! you do not wish your route to be traced. I have often been similarly circumstanced. God forbid that I should pry into any one's secrets ! but may I ask the place of your destination ?"

"Certainly—I am directing my course towards B——, where I may probably stay for a short time."

"You have friends there, I presume ?"

"No, sir."

"You are wishful for a change of air ?"

A journey of pleasure, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Business, then?"

"Sir, notwithstanding your entire want of curiosity, for which virtue I am willing to allow you full credit, you seem so anxious to arrive at a knowledge of my affairs that I am perfectly at a loss how to thank you sufficiently for the kind interest you take in my welfare. However, as I have no motive to induce me to conceal from you the object of the present expedition, I care not if I trust you. Having heard that there is a company of actors stationed in B——, I am about to apply for an engagement."

"My dear boy! give me your hand. You have yet to make your debut—I see it in your countenance. You are unacquainted with the secrets of the lamp and dagger. Genius is sometimes hereditary—so is poverty! I may say I was an actor from my birth—my parents were in the profession—I was cradled in a theatre, and learned to lisp in blank verse. But, sir, the

E

drama is on the decline, the age of acting is gone by, and the show and glitter of gorgeous spectacles have usurped its place. Theatrical talent is now a drug in the market, and a sterling comedian, however fortunate, must waste the best of his life and energies in the obscurity of some insignificant provincial theatre — play for a few nights in the metropolis, and then be shelved. I, sir, have trodden the boards of one of the great theatres ; I, sir, have basked for a short period in the favour of a London audience, and then been thrown aside and forgotten. I have, however, a spirit which cannot tamely submit to neglect, and I therefore preferred poverty and praise to affluence and contempt. I left my first and last situation in London, to return to my old provincial quarters ; and I can safely say, I am more happy now, situated as I am, enjoying to-day, and neither providing nor caring for to-morrow, than I was when in the height of my metropolitan popularity. I am now hastening to join a company at P——, where I open on

Monday next, as Richard. May I inquire your reasons for wishing to embark in the profession? From the respectability of your appearance, I should imagine your own inclination and not your necessity dictated the step you are about to take."

"I am influenced partly by choice, and partly by necessity, but an unfortunate domestic circumstance is the immediate cause of my present journey. I have long been enamoured of the stage, and having performed with much applause in private, I am wishful to put my abilities to a more impartial test."

"Ah, my dear sir, I find you are not aware of the difficulties you will have to encounter before becoming a favourite with the public. Your conceptions may be just, your personal and physical qualifications unexceptionable; but it will require a tedious drudgery in the lower walks of the drama in order to initiate you into what is called the business of the stage, before you will be able to put your conceptions into execution, or move your limbs with ease and freedom.

Private and public acting are distinct things—in the one instance, the audience are alive to all your beauties, and willing to overlook your deficiencies; in the other, they are alive to all your faults, and too often overlook your excellences. Your salary, too, as a novice, even if you succeed in obtaining a respectable engagement, will barely, with the strictest economy, furnish you a subsistence, and your BENEFITS, if you are hardy enough to take any, will invariably be LOSSES. Actors are generally censured as leading an idle and dissipated life. Whatever may be their dissipation, you will find that idleness does not form a part of their character. You rise at ten—go to rehearsal at eleven—get home again about three or four—your time is fully occupied in studying your parts and dispatching your meals until six o'clock, when you prepare for the night's performance, and away to the theatre, where you remain until twelve or one. This is the routine of a country actor's life, and I think you will own it is one which does

not afford the promise of either idleness or luxury. But here our roads separate. I wish you every success in your new pursuit; my name is W——, and if it can be of the slightest service to you in procuring an engagement, use it without reluctance in whatever way you may think proper. We shall most likely soon meet again in the course of our peregrinations, and I will then settle with you my share of the reckoning, as cash is at present rather a scarce article with me. Good bye, my dear fellow! and prosperity attend you."

After separating from my companion, I made the best of my way to the place of my destination and immediately proceeding to the theatre, I obtained an interview with the manager. The company not being remarkably full, with some small difficulty I succeeded in procuring an engagement, at a salary barely sufficient to provide me with the common necessities of life. It was my only resource, and I was compelled to subscribe to the manager's own terms. I soon found

that public and private acting were indeed distinct things. I was not permitted to appear in any of my favourite parts, but even in the minor characters I was required to sustain, I had difficulty in acquitting myself either to the satisfaction of the manager or the audience. My ardour for the profession speedily abated. The theatre was thinly attended, and we frequently played to almost empty benches. Salaries began to be less punctually paid. I will not dwell on the extremities to which I was gradually reduced; suffice it to say, that I was eventually brought to the lowest ebb of poverty and wretchedness, the just reward of my misconduct. I was one evening seated in my miserable garret, poring over an old newspaper published in my native town, when on looking amongst the deaths, I was startled and awe-struck by an account of my father's decease, who was stated to have died in consequence of the grief occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of his only son. On examining another part of the paper, I saw an

advertisement, earnestly entreating me, if by any chance it should meet my sight, to return to my disconsolate and widowed parent. I lost no time in complying with this request, and in a few days, after an absence of more than twelve months, the repentant prodigal was again pressed in the arms of his weeping mother. My father had died in good circumstances, and I found I should have no occasion to engage in business, unless from choice ; I accordingly preferred a life of indolence. It is needless to say that ere long my discourse was of Bertha. Great God !—she was married ! For sometime I disbelieved the evidence of my senses : the information was, however, too true. A villain, a fiend, who had once professed himself my friend, had poisoned her father's ears with tales to my disadvantage. He told her, too, a black and baseless lie, asserting that I had fled with a vile wanton, and when the silence of my parents as to the cause of my absence in some degree sanctioned his story, the wretch preferred his own suit, and being of a

wealthy and influential family, he soon ingratiated himself into the old man's favour. He was received with repulsive coldness by Bertha, but his riches and his flattery had tainted the father's heart, and he peremptorily bid his daughter look on him as her future husband, nor think of the worthless wretch who had left her for another. Still she held out against the united attacks of her parent and her suitor, until my continued absence,—her despair of my return, and belief in my falsehood, at length made her indifferent as to her fate. She yielded to the mingled threats and entreaties of her father, and gave her hand where she could not give her heart.

I need not repeat the many extravagancies I committed on receiving this account of the loss of my first and only love—they were such as to occasion in my mother's mind serious apprehensions for my reason. I should have been somewhat more reconciled to my fate if Bertha's marriage had been productive of comfort to her. It was not so. Her husband, I learned, treated

her in the most brutal manner; at times taunting her with her attachment to me, and at others even resorting to blows. On my return, his brutality increased, and he would not suffer her to stir abroad lest she should meet with me. Lost as she now was to me for ever, I yet resolved, if possible, to see her once more, to tell her I forgave her, to gaze on the dear features I had loved so, and to bid her a last farewell. I stationed spies in the neighbourhood of her dwelling, to give me notice if she ventured forth. Their watchings were in vain—she never left her home. I had heard that it was her custom to walk in the evening in a particular part of the garden, and I determined to scale the wall and conceal myself until I had an opportunity of accosting her. At the close of a summer's day I accomplished my purpose, and hiding myself behind a large tree, awaited her coming. I had not been long in concealment ere I saw her advancing. Oh, how my frame trembled, and my heart throbbed as I saw that beloved form move

gracefully towards me ! Every step, every movement was as familiar to me as my own. Not a tone, not a look of her's had faded from my memory. I thought of the many times I had pressed her to my bosom, of the thousand kisses I had imprinted on her lips, on those lips which I had fondly deemed would never be kissed by another. All but our former love was forgotten. I sprang forward from my hiding-place. "Bertha, dearest Bertha !" burst from my lips, and the next moment we were folded in each other's arms. For an instant, she too had forgotten she was another's—it was only for an instant, and then she tore herself from my embrace, and sank, pale and trembling, on one of the garden-seats.

"Why is this ?" she murmured. "What do you here ? Begone, begone I conjure you. This is no place for you. Wretch that I am—I am married ; and I have yielded to your embrace ! Oh, fly, fly, if you value your life ; if you value my reputation, fly I entreat you."

"A moment longer," I exclaimed, "a moment

longer, Bertha; it is BUT for a moment. I have sought you for the last time. I shall shortly be on my way to a distant land. I could not depart without one look on her I have loved so long and fervently. Pardon me, I implore you, for we shall NEVER meet again!"

"Is it possible," said she, whilst agitation almost choked her utterance, "is it possible they can have deceived me? Tell me, oh, tell me, did you not fly with a wanton, did you not say, you spurned my love, and jest with a wicked, worthless woman on my credulity?"

"Never, so help me, Heaven! It was a lie, a base, a wilful lie, the coinage of his brain, who is your husband; and may my curses light upon his perjured soul——"

"Hold, hold! whatever may have been his guilt, remember that he is my husband, and I cannot, must not, hear his name reviled."

"Oh, Bertha, will you not hear me then—will you not suffer me to justify myself? As I hope for mercy, I have never loved but you—

I have never ceased to think of you. Through all my wanderings, you have been the star that has cheered the surrounding gloom; your arms have been the haven into which I hoped at last to steer my shattered bark, and find repose and peace. I returned, and found you wedded to another! I do not upbraid you, for you have been deceived, betrayed into this hateful union; but, oh, if you knew the many anxious hours, the sleepless nights, I have passed in the hope of this interview, you would not surely bid me quit you thus, without one kind word at parting!"

As I spoke, I gradually approached nearer to her, until my arms were twined around her frame; and when I concluded, she sank in tears upon my bosom. Thus for a few moments did we remain, weeping in speechless agony and blending our tears together. Suddenly she broke from me. "Hark!" she exclaimed, "did you not hear a footstep?" I did. I sprang on my feet, and the destroyer of our happiness stood before me.

At sight of me, his eyes seemed as though they would have burst from their sockets with rage and astonishment. He shouted for help, and so sudden and unlooked for was his appearance, that, ere I thought of endeavouring to escape, I was seized by his servants. His every limb shook with passion, and turning, with the countenance of a demon, to his affrighted wife, with one blow he felled her to the earth. I struggled vainly to free myself from the grasp of those who held me, or I should have taken immediate vengeance on the dastardly oppressor. "Fellows," said he, to the servants, "drag this man before a justice, and I will follow you. His purpose was to rob the house, I doubt not. As I live, the rascal swings for it. Away with him, I say!" Surprise at this strange and unexpected speech kept me mute, and casting on him a look of hatred and contempt, I suffered myself to be led away. I was taken before a neighbouring justice, where the miscreant actually swore that he found me lurking about his grounds, with an intent to

enter and rob his dwelling. The charge was too absurd, and I was liberated.

This circumstance, and the brutality I had seen him display towards his wife, roused me to madness. I vowed to sacrifice all for vengeance. Day after day, night after night, did I wait for an opportunity of meeting my base rival alone. He was aware of my purpose, and contrived for awhile to shun me. Chance at length favoured me. I met him in a lonely spot, as he was one night returning from a revel, flushed with wine. He started when he beheld me, and endeavoured to pass on, but I effectually opposed his passage. I had waited my opportunity too long to let it slip now he was in my power. "Liar! scoundrel! traitor!" I cried, "the hour of retribution hath come at last. The wrongs and indignities thou hast heaped upon me, shall now be atoned for. I have watched for thee long. It has been my nightly prayer thus to confront thee. I scarce can brook to treat thee as a man, yet I will not play the assassin. Here," said I,

drawing forth a brace of pistols, which I had of late constantly carried about me, "here — take a weapon, for by the God that made us, either thou or I must die before we part." He attempted to fly. I seized him with a firm grasp by the throat, and stayed his progress. He trembled with fear, and his cheeks and lips were pale as ashes. "Coward!" I articulated, almost suffocated with rage, "take the pistol, and vindicate thy claim to manhood, or, by hell, with one blow will I dash out thy traitorous brains!" Nought could rouse his dastard soul. He dropped powerless from my grasp, and fell groveling at my feet, shrieking in the most abject terms for mercy, and offering to renounce his wife, to quit the country, any thing so that I would but grant him life. I was deaf to his entreaties, when in a moment, ere I was aware of his intentions, he sprang up from his crouching posture and fled. Infuriated to desperation at the mean and cowardly traducer, I rushed after him, and flinging at him one of the pistols, I fired

the other at his head. The bullet entered his brain, and he fell DEAD before me ! I stood for several minutes, stupified and motionless, gazing on the corpse of my enemy, as it lay in the moonlight, drenched and soaking in the pool of his own black blood. His ghastly eyes were still dilated, and seemed to glare upon me with wild and fearful light. Never shall I forget their horrid expression. I fled with the speed of lightning—I knew not where. I paused from exhaustion ; then my dreadful crime rose before me, in its darkest colours, and, ere morning dawned, I had delivered myself up as a murderer.

My narrative has now reached its close. I do not seek to justify or palliate my crime, for nothing CAN justify it—blood should pay for blood. I was tried, and condemned to die ; but the disgrace which would fall on my kindred, in the event of my dying on the scaffold, induced me to attempt an escape. My friends furnished me with the means. I cared not for myself, yet, for the sake of my poor mother, I used every

exertion, and I succeeded. I am free. In a short time, a vessel will bear me away in a strange disguise ; and I shall end my miserable existence beneath a foreign sky.—There was one who might perhaps have even rejoiced at the escape of her husband's murderer ; but Bertha sleeps in peace—alas ! she died broken-hearted !

VISIONS

I dreamt that thou wert a beauteous dame,
Who liv'd in the days of yore,
And I thought that a myriad of suitors came,
And knelt thy charms before :
Then I looked on a brilliant tournament,
And I heard the trumpets' strain,
And a number of gallant knights were bent
To strive on the martial plain ;
There was a laurel crown, and the favour'd knight
Who bore that prize away,
Might claim the hand of thy beauty bright,
On the eve of that joyous day ;

And I thought that I was a warrior bold,
 And I won the laurel crown—
 'Twas dearer to me than a wreath of gold—
 At thy feet I laid it down.

Again I dreamt, and methought that I
 Was a proud young cavalier,
 Who liv'd in the glance of his lov'd one's eye,
 And thou wert she most dear ;
 We dwelt in the sunny land of Spain,
 And a thousand gallants strove
 The heart of thy virgin breast to gain,
 Yet thou gav'st to me thy love ;
 And I came to thy balcony's jutting shade,
 By the light of the moon and star,
 And I warbled a pensive serenade,
 To my lightly struck guitar :
 I bore thee away in the dreamy night,
 To the holy altar's side,
 And there, in thy garments of snowy white,
 I made thee my blessed bride.

Once more I dreamt, and I thought me dead,
But my spirit left its clay,
As a captive bird its cell, and fled
Beyond the star-paved way ;
And I met thee there in those realms of light,
With thy shining eyes and hair,
Enrob'd in a halo of glory bright,
The fairest 'mid angels fair.
We wandered those heavenly scenes among,
In the shade of celestial groves,
And our voices swell'd in a sacred song,
And we talk'd of our former loves ;
We sigh'd for those friends who remain'd on earth,
From pleasures so sweet and pure,
And our gladness, that in the soul had birth,
We knew would for ever endure.

I breathe to thy beauty my true heart's sigh,
And thou seem'st to my waking gaze,
As fair as thou wert to my dreaming eye
When a nymph of the olden days ;

And I love thee as well as I lov'd in my dream,
 When I thought thee a maiden of Spain,
 And sung, in the light of the starry gleam,
 To my sweet guitar a strain.—
 Though the dazzling pageants of vision have fled,
 The star of my dreaming is here,
 And though fancy's illusions around it were spread,
 'Tis as fair—to my soul 'tis as dear :
 If the spirit of life from my bosom should flee ;
 And unto yon far heaven stray,
 Though bright as the heaven of my dream it
 should be,
 'Twould avail not if thou wert away.

TO MY FIRST-BORN

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.

BYRON.

Another tie is twin'd around my heart,
Another being greet I now with love,
And look into its innocent blue eyes
Until mine own do overflow with tears,
And in my heart spring feelings new and strange.
My first-born babe,—my fair and taintless child!
Thou rainbow that dost tell of sunny hours,
Thou dove of promise to my little ark,
As I do look upon thy features sweet,

I bless thee, and a prayer is on my lips,
 That Joy may strew its roses in thy path,
 And Happiness attend upon thy steps ;
 But, as I gaze, a cloud comes o'er my hopes,
 Across my soul there flits a crowd of dim
 And dark forebodings of thy coming years.
 Much do I fear that even as mine own
 Thy lot will be, of suffering and of toil ;
 For I have dwelt amid a sordid race,
 And spent my life with profit-seeking men,
 Whose heaven was to be rich, whose god was gold ;
 With men who laugh'd at intellectual wealth—
 To whom the labours of those god-like minds,
 Whose thoughts must live through ages yet to
 come,

Were things they cast aside as useless dross.
 There have been times—may no such fate be thine
 When words indignant have been on my tongue,
 But I have forc'd them back upon my heart,
 Compell'd by dread necessity's stern law
 To bow my head, and clothe my face in smiles,
 When my soul writh'd in wordless agony ;

And I have almost wish'd I'd ne'er been born,
Or died when like to thee, a sinless babe.
Yet joy, too, hath been mingled with my lot,
And for that joy to God my thanks I give.
Eyes look into mine own with loving light,
Dear voices find an echo in my heart,
And kindred forms give rapture to my sight;
But first of all my blessings do I hold
Thy gentle mother, dearer for thy sake.

Away with mournful presages—if thou
Should'st live to womanhood, and I be spar'd
To guide thee on thy way, thou shalt be taught
To love the lore by mighty minds bequeath'd,
To drink from founts poetic sweetest draughts,
And banquet on the food which is immortal.
The bards and sages of the olden time,
And those which shed around their lustre now,
They shall be thy companions—thou shalt mate
With Shakespeare and with Milton; thou shalt sit,
And converse hold with Wordsworth and with
Scott;

Byron's proud spirit shall discourse with thine ;
 And other masters of that glorious art,
 Which peoples earth with shapes and thoughts
 divine,
 Shall fill thy soul with beauty and delight.
 Thou shalt learn with reverence deep to view
 The things which God created for us all,
 And look on nature with thanksgiving heart,
 And mark its mysteries with admiring eyes ;
 Whether the sun with glory lights up heaven,
 Or frowning clouds are lowering o'er the earth ;
 Whether the stars are thrōnging round the moon,
 Or solemn darkness veils the face of night.
 The green earth with its host of smiling flowers,
 And trees with dancing leaves and drooping
 * fruit ;
 The winged birds that fill the air with song,
 The golden bees that toil with cheerful hum,
 The rush of streams whose course is swift as joy,
 The blush of morning, and the evening pale—
 Thou shalt be taught to look with love on all,
 And bless the bounteous Power that made them.

Nor when, with heartfelt bliss, thy gaze hath dwelt
On all which our Creator hath bestow'd
On us his creatures, shalt thou turn away,
And if a homeless wretch do cross thy path,
View him with scornful and contemptuous eye ;
But if he ask thy help, him shalt thou aid,
And from thy little store bestow thy mite,
For nature is that wretch's heritage,
As well as thine—thy brother is he too,
And both are equal in the eyes of God,
Who gave the earth to poor and rich alike.

It shall be mine to teach thee, my sweet child,
Not to crouch servilely to pamper'd wealth,
Not to pay homage unto gilded vice,
Nor yet to turn thee from the poor man's prayer,
And spurn the suppliant with a frowning brow,
Merely because he doth not please thine eye ;
Look thou into the mind and heart of man,
And pay thy homage to his deeds, not state :
The virtues of the rich do claim our praise,
But virtuous poverty doth claim it more.

Mine then shall be the pleasing task to guide
 Thy dawning powers to that which seems most
 good ;
 To bid thee cherish what most needs thy help ;
 To view all things with an observant mind ;
 To torture not the insect on the wing ;
 Nor kill the harmless reptile at thy feet :—
 To bid thee walk erect in virtue's path,
 And yet shrink not from stretching forth thy hand,
 When guilt repents, to draw the wanderer back.
 So shalt thou live, though man perchance may
 frown,
 By God himself belov'd, and he will be thy friend.

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE

“Awake my sister!”—the low words came
From the bed where a young rose grew—
“Awake thee, my sister violet,
And open thine eyes of blue;
Shake the silver dew from thy lovely head,
And thy perfum’d leaves unfold,
And rejoice like me in the blessed light
Of the morning’s living gold.

“All other fair buds are gazing out,
And wooing the shining sun,
And I hear the echo of bounding feet,
By the passing breeze borne on ;

Perchance some maiden may wander by,
 And look on our place of rest,
 And bear us away from our lowly home,
 To repose on her own fair breast.

“Oh, bliss, to repose on so lovely a couch,
 And be gaz'd on by beauty's eye ;
 Oh, bliss, to be praised by her gentle voice,
 And be fann'd by her fragrant sigh.
 How long must we dwell on the joyless earth ?
 How long must we linger here ?
 Say, do'st thou not pine for a prouder lot ?
 Answer me, sister dear.”

A faint, sweet sound, like a lute's last note,
 On the morning's stillness broke,
 And the air was stirr'd with an odorous breath,
 As the meek young violet spoke:
 “There's a quiet bliss in our own green vale,
 And I love its calm beauty well ;
 There's a joy, there's a joy in each passing breeze :
 'Tis a home where I love to dwell.

“Our roof is the azure vault of heaven,
Our food is of dew-drops bright,
The sun sheds its beams on our path by day,
And the stars are our lamps by night ;
We spring up 'mid odour and bloom and light,
We are woo'd by the minstrel wind—
Here rest then, dear rose, in thine own sweet home,
For a fairer thou can'st not find.”

But the rose still pin'd for a prouder fate,
And it pin'd not long in vain,
For a maiden, with cheek like its own red leaf,
Came dancing o'er the plain ;
She gaz'd on its hue with admiring eye,
And she prais'd it with gentle voice,
And plac'd in her bosom of spotless white,
Oh, then did the rose rejoice.

A few brief hours of light and joy,
And the flower was all forgot,
And it long'd again for its quiet home,
For it saw it was heeded not ;

It wither'd apace in its high abode,
 Unnotic'd by beauty's eye,
 And when the dim shadows of twilight came,
 'Twas cast on its home to die.

The violet still liv'd in its loveliness,
 And the moon and the stars look'd down,
 And silver'd the misty veil of dew
 That the even had over it thrown ;
 The zephyrs woo'd it, and sportively strove
 Its odorous breath to share,
 Whilst they turned aside from the faded rose,
 And left it to perish there.

Thus thou may'st learn, from a simple flower,
 A lesson thy course to guide :—
 Then cling to the bliss of thy quiet home,
 And dream not of wealth and pride ;
 And, oh, when ambition would taint thy soul,
 Or thou sighest for pomp and state,
 Think thou of the lowly violet's lot,
 And remember the rose's fate.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woeful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!
This house of clay not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er hill and dale and sounding sands,
How lightly then it flash'd along:
Like those trim boats, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide:—
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When youth and I liv'd in't together.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

IN the whole human race, I believe there are few indeed who do not dwell with pleasure on the recollections of their early days. Fortune may have smiled upon our more advanced years

—knowledge may have been acquired, fame may have been won; yet who would not sacrifice all he has attained and acquired, to return again to the days of his infancy? They live in the memory with as much vividness as a thing of yesterday; time passes over them in vain—it may destroy all else, but the sports and scenes of childhood ever occupy a green place in the mind—distance has no effect on them—age cannot destroy them—even in our dreams they are with us, a throng of sweet yet sorrowful remembrances.

If any one absent himself from the place of his birth, for the period of ten or a dozen years, what a change does he perceive on his return, both in the inhabitants and the scenery:—most of the companions of his young days are scattered far and wide, and those that remain have thrown off their wonted habits of gaiety and frankness, and a formal and reserved greeting is all he obtains from them. A dwelling, unlovely in itself, yet endeared to him as the scene of former mirth and festivity, is now levelled with the dust,

and a more modern habitation usurps its place—fairer, perchance, to the view of strange eyes, yet how much less worthy of admiration does it seem to him, than the ancient tenement which lives in his remembrance. A venerable tree, which has often been his protector from the storm, and amid the lofty branches of which he has achieved many feats of boyish daring, has fallen beneath the axe of the spoiler. The little garden-plot, which was so much cherished, and so assiduously cultivated, is now uprooted, and its very site undistinguishable. Even the members of his own household are changed—some have withered and died in their spring—some have embarked on the sea of commerce, and become estranged from their old affections; and perchance an aged grandsire, of whom he was the favourite, has passed away, with his silvery locks, benignant smile, and eloquent narrations, and sought the habitation of 'darkness and the worm.'

The mates of our boyhood; our many glad and careless schoolfellows, how they were separated

from us one by one, to follow their destined avocations, until at last we also departed. What a source of pleasure it is, when after a lapse of years, we meet with a fellow-student—with what delight do we discourse with him of by-gone days—of the little tricks of mischief we played on the usher—of that season of joy and confusion, when we broke up for the vacation, and scampered away, like captive birds flying to liberty and green fields. But pleasing as it is to meet with an old schoolfellow, there is something sad intermixed with the meeting :—he may cast off his cares and thoughts of business for a short period, whilst he talks of times “departed never to return;” yet you generally find him so tainted by mingling with the “shuffling crowd of this world’s traffic,” that you look in vain for the being who was formerly all mirth and happiness, whose laugh was the loudest of all, who had not a shadow of gloom in his composition, and who, if he looked forward for a moment to the future, pictured nothing but an increase of felicity.

Never again shall I experience the delight that dwelt in my boyish bosom, when on my annual visit to a country relative ; never again shall I feel the unmixed joy I then felt, as I mingled with the haymakers, rolled in the new-mown-hay, or climbed the drooping fruit-tree. I believe I have somewhere read an anecdote of the celebrated Dr Johnson, who being out with a friend on a rural excursion, and coming to a particular tree, immediately ascended it, and began to swing himself to and fro on one of its boughs ; on his companion expressing his surprise at the circumstance, Johnson said it was a tree, on which he had often swung when a boy, and he could not resist the desire of again doing so. The trundling hoop, the whirling top, the bounding ball ; these are all lost to me, but when I have seen a group of light-hearted youngsters engaged in any of these amusements, I must confess I have at times felt such an inclination to join them, that had it not been for very shame, I should have taken a part amongst them. In after-life we may

drink from the "founts of mind;" we may derive a more refined pleasure from books and other sources; but, in the whole round of man's enjoyments he will find none to equal those of his boyhood. Winter amusements—the war of snowballs—the accumulated mass which became so ponderous by rolling, that at last it resisted all our efforts to move it—the rude form, fashioned from the white and feathery element, set up at night to frighten the passers-by; the thrilling gratification with which a circle of us gathered round the blazing hearth, and listened to tales of apparitions, haunted halls and haunted chambers, until we fancied every noise a hollow groan; and when we crept fearfully into bed, buried ourselves in the clothes, afraid of encountering the glaring eyes of some ghastly spectre—who would not again experience these things? With what amazement have I read the wonderful exploits of the renowned "Jack the Giant Killer," or the scarcely less celebrated "Tom Hickathrift;" and how often have I figured to myself the feats

I might achieve, if possessed of the invisible coat of the one, or the surprising strength of the other. These romantic and extravagant notions have faded away like the creations of a dream; it is true more rational ideas now fill their place in the mind, but who does not prefer those boyish fancies to the dull and cold reality that waits on maturer age?

Often do I revisit the scenes of my childhood—I wander along the banks of the stream, where I used to launch my mimic boats—I seek the leafy recesses, where I loved to read the wild and wonderous tales which were the delight of my youth—I linger amid the woody labyrinths, where it was my wont to loiter in the long summer's day; but the charm which of old haunted those scenes, I can find no more—the spell which was around them, has become powerless—the halo has departed from them. Everything appears as though it had dwindled into littleness and insignificance; and yet it is not so—the change is with myself. Is it that the mind has expanded,

that the intellect has become enlarged ; or is it that my desires are less easily satisfied ; that my wishes are more unbounded ; that my cravings increase with my years ? Alas ! I fear it is man's nature never to be contented with the present ; to view with indifference the blessings which are in his power, but ever to be yearning for that which he does not possess. His memory either recurs to the past, or he paints the future in colours too flattering, and becomes the author of his own disappointments. We are the children of imagination ; the real, the tangible loses its attractions, and on things that are either difficult or impossible to attain, do we fix our affections. In the early years of life, our desires and wishes are more circumscribed, and, therefore more easily gratified ; our wants are provided for ; like the flowers, we neither toil nor spin ; the future is seldom looked forward to ; there is no past to float on the stream of memory, and destroy by contrast the felicity of the present. Thus it is that the first stages of existence are generally

those which yield the most enjoyment ; that they are the times to which tend our fondest regrets ; and that we so often love to dwell on the bright spring of youth, in the stormy season of our manhood.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM

Shrill sound the cymbals, and the glad harps ring,
The light foot boundeth, and sweet voices sing,
And beauty's brow is bound with coronal,
And lights are gleaming in the pillar'd hall ;
Laugh follows laugh amid the festive throng,
And this the burthen of each swelling song—
"We hold our revel through the dark-hour'd
 night,
Nor will we sever with the morning's light."

Sin is upon that city, and the brand
Of God's high vengeance, soon will sweep the
 land ;
The eye of brightness, and the lofty brow,
The form of grace, the fair cheek's rose-like glow,

The young and hoary, void of faith or trust,
Blacken'd and sear'd, shall soon be with the dust;
Soon shall th' Almighty, with o'erwhelming flame,
Destroy at once that city's pride and shame.

A crimson glory, spreading o'er the east,
Hath call'd the wakers from the dance and feast;
And now the heavens assume a fearful stain—
Red, deeply-red, as is a battle-plain.
Now like a furnace seems the vaulted sky,
A car of fire each cloud that meets the eye;
A burning shower, like dazzling gold, swift comes,
As though the stars had left their far-off homes.

Shrieks burst from all, and shouts of wild amaze;
The flames descend, and towers and temples blaze;
The mighty roofs of palace and of hall
Upon the heads of crowded victims fall;
Some to the darkling caves of earth repair—
In vain—the wrath of Heaven o'ertakes them there;
Some in the waters seek to find a grave—
The fire consumes them—it hath dried the wave.

The flames have ceas'd, the sky resumes its hue,
 The breezes sigh, and falls the evening dew ;
 But where that city—where its power that shone ?
 Ask the strewn pillars, ask the crumbling stone !
 From fallen relics of its greatness past,
 The dull smoke mingles with the rushing blast :
 And this the fate of Pride and Sin's abode—
 This a dark record of the wrath of God !



NATIVE LAND

What boots it, though the exile strays

O'er fair and lovely isles,

That bloom beneath the golden rays

Of sun that ever smiles ?

What boots it, though he paces o'er

A bright and yellow sand ?

Still longs he for the parted shore,

His own dear native land.

What has the warrior's eye in sight ?

What nerves his lifted arm ?

What makes him seek the thickest fight,

As guarded by a charm ?

Oh, this thought dwells his heart upon,
 As striving 'gainst the band
 Of warlike foes—he rushes on
 To save his native land.

What makes the watchful sailor give,
 When gliding o'er the deep,
 One glance unto the star of eve,
 Then turn aside and weep ?
 'Tis that, when through a lattice stream'd
 Its rays so bright and bland,
 A beacon to his love it beam'd,
 In his own native land.

The youth, with glowing fancy, tir'd
 Of the sweet haunts of home,
 In search of those which have inspir'd
 His wandering dreams may roam ;
 Though fragrant beauty deck the spot,
 And slaves await command,
 He finds that happiness is not,
 Save in his native land.

The lonely exile sorrowing turns
Unto his sever'd shore ;
The warrior's swelling bosom burns
To see his hills once more ;
The sailor on the dark blue main,
The youth on foreign strand—
All long to view the scenes again
Of their own native land.

**THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL
TO HIS LOVE**

**My lips are bloodless—tears may speak of grief,
But grief is transient, when it falls in tears ;
My heart is withering, as the dewless leaf—
Cheek, lip, and brow,—there woe's dark seal
appears.**

**The fountain of mine eyes is dry, my soul
Is as a garden which the blight hath found ;
Death and decay amid the flowers have stole,
Whilst baleful weeds still throw their shade
around.**

The light that lit my life will soon have past—
Reft of its beauty, then my course will be
As is the bark's that struggles with the blast,
Without a star to guide it o'er the sea.

Alone, alone ! I soon shall be alone,
Alone, where crowds of worldly beings press ;
The mind will hold communion with none,
And my sad spirit pine companionless.

We part, and years, long years may intervene,
Ere I do look on mine own love again ;
Yes, viewless space will interpose between
Those who are bound by strong affection's chain.

My woe can heal not, and as now we part,
I have one hope, or all would be in vain
To stay the breaking of my lonely heart—
The one dear hope that we shall meet again.

We meet again !—such hope is theirs who roam,
 With yearning souls, across the pathless seas,
 Whilst comes the tempest, as they dream of home,
 And calls them forth to battle with the breeze.

My swan on life's dark river, my sole joy,
 My star, my dove, my all that's bright or fair,
 My fount of bliss, whose waters never cloy,
 My rose, whose perfume I with none would
 share.

The gentle bosom where my brow doth rest,
 Will it e'er pillow other head than mine ?
 Will those sweet lips by other lips be prest,
 And thy young breast another love enshrine ?

Hence with my doubts ! I cannot even brook
 A moment's thought that thou canst know
 a change ;
 My soul would sicken at thy alter'd look,
 Yet spurn the faith which absence could
 estrange.

My grief is voiceless—one last, wild embrace—
Words cannot paint my spirit's agony,
To know of thee, I soon shall have no trace,
Save in the heart—where thou wilt ever be.

THE LEG

I was never remarkable for the beauty of my features, nor the gracefulness of my figure ; but I possessed a pair of well-shaped, handsome legs, and with these and the charms of my conversation, I had managed to captivate the heart of the lovely Julia D'Arlincourt. At least so it was currently reported, and so I myself believed. There was always a seat reserved for me in her box at the Opera ; I used to attend her in her shopping excursions ; and sometimes I had the supreme felicity of driving her in my cabriolet.

I had been supping at a friend's, and the bottle circulated rapidly, for my friend was a

noted bon-vivant. As the wine sunk, our spirits became proportionably elevated. We agreed each to toast our mistresses. Of course I drank the health of my adored Julia in a bumper. I heard a suppressed titter proceed from Herbert Danvers, a conceited young fellow, who had long been an unsuccessful rival of mine. When it came to his turn to give a pledge, he also named the fair Julia. I looked fiercely at him, and he answered me with a look as fierce. All eyes were turned on us, and my next neighbour gave me a nudge, as much as to say "Will you endure this, Vincent?" I had a somewhat singular oath, which I always made use of in moments of excitation. I was in the habit of swearing by my right leg, which member I considered to be cast in the very mould of perfection. I had originally adopted this oath to attract notice to the lower extremities of my person, but custom had rendered it so habitual, that I now used it even when I indulged myself with a little swearing in private. 'By my right leg,' thought I,

‘he shall answer this.’ I rose from my chair, and adjusting my neckcloth the while, to show my nonchalance, I thus accosted him. “Sir, this is neither place, nor time for quarrel, but by this leg,” slightly tapping it, “I swear, that if you do not instantly give up all claims to the lady, whose name has just passed your lips, you shall hear from me.” “Sir,” said he, “I care not how soon.” This was enough. Mr——, who had sat next me, offered his services as my friend on the occasion, and the harmony of the company was restored. Myself and rival each affected an hilarity and vivacity of spirits more than usual, as a proof of our unconcern. The party broke up at a late hour, and we all departed with dizzy heads, stout hearts, and staggering steps.

My valet awoke me at twelve next morning, and informed me that Mr——, was waiting my leisure. I quaked at the recollection of my last night’s adventure. He was ushered in. “Dont disturb yourself, my dear fellow,” he began,

"all's settled, all's right ; I've arranged it amicably." "Thank God !" ejaculated I, and my countenance brightened up. "I knew you would be delighted ;" he continued, "Danvers' second appeared wishful the affair should be off. 'No, no,' said I, 'no flinching—Vincent will never consent to that—they must fight.' And so, my dear sir, we settled it—time, place, and weapons." My countenance fell alarmingly, and I cursed the busy fellow in my heart most vehemently. Four o'clock was the hour fixed for the meeting, and I employed the interval in making a few alterations in my will, and arranging my papers.

A full half-hour before the time, my second made his appearance, for he was a professed duellist, and seemed to enjoy the business exceedingly. We proceeded to the appointed spot—the signal was given—bang went the pistols—I sprang up three or four feet into the air : alas ! that spring was the last I ever made—the bullet had passed through my right leg. My own shot was near being fatal, for it took off one of my

opponent's whiskers. I was conveyed home, and lay for several days in a senseless state. When I recovered, oh, horror of all horrors! I was but the portion of a man—the accursed surgeon had amputated my leg;—that beautiful, that treasured limb—my right leg! I raged, swore, and stamped—no, not stamped; of that I was now incapable. I execrated the whole tribe of surgeons. I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have been thus shockingly mutilated: life, I detested it; what was life without my leg? I vented my wrath on my valet for allowing the awful deed to be perpetrated on his master; but I saw the dog laughing in his sleeve, for he knew I could not kick him.

My first sensations were of a peculiar nature. When any of my intimate friends came to condole with me on my calamity, they would sometimes seat themselves on the side of my couch; and I often twitched away my stump, thinking my leg reclined on the place where they were about to be seated, and exclaimed “Take care

of my leg!" These slight intervals of forgetfulness only made me feel my actual loss more grievously, and I muttered "My leg! what leg? —I have no leg!" At times it seemed as though I felt the twinging of my toes, and involuntarily I put down my hand to the spot they should have occupied, only to find it vacant. Once, too, when my strength was fast returning, after waking from a refreshing slumber, I sprang out of bed, as had formerly been my custom, entirely forgetting my loss, until I came down at full length on the floor.

When my health was perfectly restored, I gave orders for a wooden leg. A wooden leg! oh, insupportable, oh, heavy hour! It came home, and was buckled to my unfortunate stump. "Must I endure all this," thought I, "must I drag about this vile piece of timber during the remainder of my existence? must I live on, a very remnant of human nature—an unnatural unity of flesh and timber, a walking scarecrow, a grotesque figure moving along on a cursed lump of wood?"

—truly I must!" My favourite amusement, the dance, must be abjured; I was for ever debarred from "ambling in a lady's chamber;" or, rather, I could now do nothing else but amble. I soliloquized in a style something like Othello's.—

"Oh, now, for ever,

Farewell the music's sound! farewell the dance!

Farewell the gay quadrilles, and gallopades

That make existence pleasure, O, farewell!

Farewell the taper foot, and the sweet smile,

The soft voluptuous form, the dear delicious whirl,

The squeaking fiddle!—and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious waltz!

And, oh, ye mortal beauties, whose bright eyes

The immortal Jove's dread lightning's counterfeit,

Farewell! Alas, my dancing-days are gone!"

I practised three days in my own room, with my new member, before I ventured abroad; alternately cursing duels, surgeons, and wooden legs. At length I sallied out, but had not proceeded many paces, ere I was annoyed beyond endurance at the thumping noise which was produced each time that my auxiliary limb descended to the ground. I was seized with a strange desire,

M

an irresistible inclination to count the sounds that were emitted when my leg came in contact with the pathway. I strove to divert my attention from this circumstance, yet still every other minute I caught myself numbering my steps. "One, two, three," and so on. "Confound the stump," said I, "if it would but move in quietness, I might perchance, enjoy a moment's forgetfulness of my misery ; but every step reminds me of my misfortune, each thump increases my unhappiness." I strode away, without being able to get rid of the habit of reckoning my paces, until, almost unconsciously, I arrived at the abode of Julia D'Arlincourt. A bright idea struck me. "I will try her heart—I will put her fidelity to the test;" I said, "if she really loved me, the loss of a limb will not alter her feelings towards me, but she will cherish more tenderly the portion of me which still remains. If she scorn me, then farewell love, and farewell Julia D'Arlincourt." I rang the bell, and was shown in. I began to ascend the lofty staircase, and

thought I should never reach the top. "One, two, three," I commenced — I never knew the quantity of stairs which led to her drawing-room before that day. I heard, or fancied I heard, a giggling, as the servant announced my approach, and my face became of a crimson hue. I stumped in, and beheld my rival, Herbert Danvers, the cause of all my sorrows, seated by the fair Julia's side. She proceeded to condole with me very ceremoniously, on what she termed my "shocking mishap," and ever and anon she turned from me, and cast a languishing glance on Danvers. My blood boiled tumultuously, and I determined to come to an explanation with her before I quitted the house. I requested a few minutes private conversation. She looked at me with evident astonishment, and informed me that whatever communication I had to make, might be made before Danvers, who was entirely in her confidence. I put on one of my most pathetic looks. "Is it come to this?" said I, "well so be it then — she whose heart changes in the hour

of misfortune, is no fit mate for me. Adieu then, Julia; I leave you for ever, and may you never have cause to repent of your perfidy." I rushed from her presence, and the clamour produced by the speed of my exit was greeted with a peal of laughter from my false mistress and my unfeeling rival. As I was about to descend the stairs, I heard him repeating the following words from one of Hood's ballads:—

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then you know you stand upon,
Another footing now."

"Inhuman villain!" muttered I; and in the hurry of my descent, I made a false step, and was precipitated headlong down stairs. I was assisted to rise by the servants, who I could plainly perceive, had much ado to keep their countenances. I darted into the street, and fled along with a velocity, which was absolutely terrific, considering my mutilated condition. The boisterous merriment of the populace accompanied me in my

flight, but it had only the effect of adding to the rapidity of my progress.

I reached my home. A large fire was blazing in the first room which I entered. I wrenched from my stump the infernal wooden leg, and thrust it into the flames. With a grim delight I beheld it gradually reduced to ashes. "Perish," I exclaimed, "vile caricature of a leg ; never again will I be indebted to thee for support ; never will I be doomed to drag about that horrid block of degradation !" What was next to be done ? I ordered a cork leg, and it was six weeks before I again ventured abroad, when I was enabled to move about something like my former self. I determined to quit London, and proceed to some distant place, where my misfortune might remain unknown, for I could not endure the thought of living where I might at any time hear my mutilation made the subject of discourse. I broke up my establishment in town, and having got rid of my servants, travelled alone to the place of my destination, which was situated

so far from the metropolis, that I thought I should not stand the slightest chance of meeting with any one who could remind me of my loss.

I took up my abode in a small, but beautiful village in Yorkshire, and was soon on terms of intimacy with the respectable portion of the inhabitants. At one dwelling I became a frequent visitor. The members of the family were all unaffected and amiable; and on the heart of a blooming girl, the only daughter of the master of the mansion, I soon began to imagine I had made a favourable impression. Time passed delightfully, and I was on the point of making a declaration, and asking permission to pay my addresses in form, when I was startled by an unexpected apparition. I called one day, just to enquire after the health of the family, and pass a pleasant hour in conversation. The first person whom I beheld seated in the drawing-room, was an individual with whom I had formerly had a slight acquaintance in London. I shrank from his gaze, as I would have done from the eye of

a ravenous beast. It was in vain : he instantly recognized me, and shook me cordially by the hand ; whilst I would as soon have placed my fingers in a cauldron of molten lead as within his grasp. I, however, pretended to be glad to see him, and we entered into conversation. I contrived to keep him for awhile on subjects remote from the metropolis ; but I found he would not be content until he began to talk of the events which had happened there previously to and since my departure. He achieved his purpose. I suppose he thought he had now got the discourse into the only channel which could afford me pleasure, for he rattled away with the utmost volubility scarcely allowing any one else to speak. I, in the meantime, was sitting in a state of indescribable torture ; every moment expecting him to allude to some circumstance connected with my misfortune. My expectations were realised. He was relating the particulars of some affair, the exact date of which he had forgotten. Suddenly he broke out—"Hum, ah, let me see ! yes,

by Jove, so it was ! I now remember perfectly—it happened just previously to the time when Mr Vincent met with his unfortunate accident.” “Accident—what accident ?” was repeated by several voices. “Accident—oh, why his leg, to be sure—the time when he lost his leg.” I waited for no more. I effected an instantaneous retreat from the house. It was my last visit, and on the morrow I bid adieu to the village for ever.

Several years have now passed since the period when I fought the fatal duel ; I have grown callous to my loss, and can even laugh when I think of the over-sensitiveness which formerly tormented me. I have again become a resident in the metropolis ; and have the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice of a limb in all probability prevented me from sacrificing my fortune. Julia D'Arlincourt became the wife of Danvers, and after a short career of extravagance and dissipation, he ended his existence in the King's Bench. I often meet my old flame, and have

had sufficient proof that any proposals which might now be made by me, would be thankfully accepted ; but, thank God, I am not to be tempted, and can take a warning from the fate of another. So it is, that what at the time seems our greatest calamity, is often destined to prove our greatest good. As for my new leg—I can at least console myself with the thought that my right foot is never troubled with corns, and that the shoe cannot pinch in that quarter.

TO THE EVENING STAR

Rose of the starry garden of the sky,
Thou fairest gem in heaven's radiant mine ;
Bright Peri of the night, whose laughing eye
Is glancing ever with a joyous shine,
Like a young virgin's, glad but tremblingly ;
Chief handmaid to the lovely lady-moon,
Bathing thy beauty in the sky's blue river,
Oh, I could gaze on thy pure smiles for ever ;
But thy light passes, as our life, too soon,
And night already hath o'erpass'd its noon ;
The storm-winds float around me with sad wail,
Hush'd in her covert is the nightingale,
The dim clouds shadow thee, and on the spray
The rain drops dash—farewell ! I must away.

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS

Yours is a pleasant world, ye gentle flowers,
Ye live 'mid light, and bloom, and sunny hours ;
Your music is the soft wind murmuring low,
Which comes unto you with its sweet-voic'd flow ;
The golden bee, dyed by the sun's bright beam,
The butterfly, with wing of silvery gleam—
Those wanderers glad, fair children of the sun,
With kisses woo you till your sweets are won.

How much of beauty do your forms disclose !
But thou art queen of loveliness, thou rose,
And, when for simile the fond youth seeks,
His fair is told thy bloom is on her cheeks ;

Ye violets, wet with morning's crystal dew,
Ye are compar'd unto her eyes of blue ;
Ye primroses, to her pale tresses free ;
Ye snowdrops pure, unto her chastity.

The village maiden roves at early morn,
To seek fresh buds her white brow to adorn,
And of your glowing hues and fragrant breath,
She for her temples weaves a living wreath :
The infant boy, less difficult to please,
Of hue unmindful each by turns will seize,
Then form a nosegay, with admiring eye,
And to his comrades with his treasure fly.

Ye have your songsters, peopling tree and bush,
The lark of morn, the blackbird, and the thrush,
And thousand others, musical and free,
Floating above you, rich in melody.
Ye have wild livers in your quiet race,
Who do not dwell in garden's tended space,
Who, as their spirits could not order brook,
Spring in the forest and the woodland nook.

Ye gentle flowers, ourselves in you may see
 A lowly image of what we should be ;
 Though storms may bow you, quickly do you rise,
 And lift your heads again unto the skies :
 Thus, though our lot may for awhile be dim,
 Still let our thoughts be upward turned to Him ;
 Then, though like you, we sleep in wintry tomb,
 We shall awake in glory, and in bloom.

THE OFFERING

I can but, as a lowly pilgrim, bring
A simple offering, lady, to thy shrine,
Yet such poor gifts as to thy votary cling—
My heart, my lyre, and changeless faith
are thine.

Rich gems, and gold, thine offerings may
have been ;
Instead of these, I give my deathless love ;
For costly coronal, a wreath of green ;
For pearls, the flowers amid its verdure wove ;
I have entwin'd a lily in my wreath,
Deeming thee pure as is its stainless hue ;
A rose, less fragrant than thine own sweet breath ;
A violet, emblem of thine eyes' deep blue :
Though worthless now, richer these gifts will be
Than gold or gems, when look'd upon by thee.

**ON THE DEATH
OF AN AGED RELATIVE**

**Thou hast departed !—though, when age doth
come,**

**We know th' imprison'd spirit will depart,
Still do we miss thee in our happy home,
Thou with the long-lov'd form and woman's
heart.**

**Near to the glad light of the blazing hearth
There standeth still thy venerable chair ;
We look upon it in our hours of mirth,
And breathe a sigh that thou no more art there.**

Parent of parents ! memory back will stray,
Blending sweet thoughts with thy familiar
name ;

Thy life did pass with gentle, slow decay ;
Living, thy looks were calm—in death the
same.

By many a tie wert thou endear'd to me,
Kind friend and guardian of my early years ;
Author wert thou of many an hour of glee ;
Thou wert the solacer of childhood's tears.

Clos'd are those eyes which wept for others' woe,
Mute is that tongue which us'd my path
to cheer ;
And can my heart be callous to the blow,
Or can I check the tribute of a tear ?

Reason 'gainst grief, oh, vain philosophy !
Tell us regrets are cherish'd all in vain ;
Can the sad heart be curb'd by rules from thee ?
Tears, more than precepts, will relieve its pain.

There was a pensive shadow round thee thrown,
 For thine, alas, had been a chequer'd lot ;
 But thou to us a meek example shone,
 Feeling deep sorrow, yet repining not.

Thine was no splendid doom, thou wert not made
 To catch the wonder of admiring eyes :
 A floweret, form'd to blossom in the shade—
 Not for the world, but sweet domestic ties.

It was a solemn scene thy coffin'd corse to see ;
 Mothers were weeping o'er their mother's fate,
 And fair and youthful cheeks were wet for thee,
 Whilst thou unconscious lay in death's cold
 state.

Thou died'st unnotic'd by the earth's gay throng ;
 No trophied marble o'er thy grave doth start ;
 Thy name not borne by history's page along —
 Thou hast a dearer chronicle—the heart.

EVENING

Long have I lov'd thee, pensive, pale-brow'd

Even ;

And o'er my spirits at thy hour will steal

A soothing calmness, which 'tis sweet to feel—

Methinks thy reign to hush our woes was given.

Sometimes imagination wild will stray ;

And I have thought each golden cloud the car

Of heaven-crown'd angels, who in glory lay,

And look'd on mortals from their height afar ;

And I have thought their breath might be

the breeze

That bows the roses, with its gentle sighs—

The stars, the beamings of their radiant eyes :

But fancy's strange and wayward flights were

these—

Like to the pageants of a glorious dream,

Scar'd by rude voice when comes the morning's

gleam.

A RAINY DAY

Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous.

MILTON

A rainy day!—What a subject have I chosen. The very words of my title will cause an involuntary shudder in every beau and fine lady who may happen to look on it. Many people dread a rainy day as much as if each drop were fatal, and do not hold themselves liable to perform any promise that may carry them abroad, if the weather prove, in the least degree, unfavourable.

776270 A

Some careful folks hardly ever take the air without umbrellas tucked under their arms ; and seldom walk a hundred yards without turning their eyes to the clouds. I do not like the rain that comes down at intervals—a day half clouds, half sunshine : you see signs of a coming shower, and hurry into the nearest hovel, when, after having waited awhile, the clouds seem to be dispersing, and you sally out, but have scarcely proceeded the length of a street, before it pours down in torrents. However, you are determined not to turn back to the shelter, so you hurry on, and in the course of a few minutes are soaked to the skin. Then the sun comes out, and there you are, like a dog just emerging from a river, your hat and coat glittering with rain-drops, and your feelings as uncomfortable and uneasy as possible ; fancying all eyes are fixed on you ; cursing the weather, and wishing the rain would come down faster than before, and make every one as wet as yourself. But unfortunately it continues fine until you arrive at your abode ;

if you are married, you vent your spleen on your wife ; if you are a bachelor, you preserve a sullen silence, make straight to your own room, station yourself at the window, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing other people get wet.

If we must have rain, give me a thorough wet day ; rain before I awake, rain until I am asleep. I like to steer on under the canopy of an umbrella, hearkening to the rain pattering above my head—I prefer a silk umbrella—the patter on it is louder and more distinctly audible than on a cotton one—making a music, melancholy and sweet as the evening hymn of a tea-kettle. No pleasure is without its alloy—umbrellas are often the cause of great inconvenience : for instance, you get into a crowded street, amongst a complete phalanx of them ; we will suppose you rather tall—you come in contact with a fellow, head and shoulders less than yourself—he hoists his cotton covering just high enough to jolt against your head, and away goes your hat into the gutter. If you happen to have some cheap

periodical stowed above your pericranium, the sheet is re-published by the wind, and sails away as though under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, until it is induced to take up its abode in the mud. The author of this mischief begs your pardon of course; you curse his pardon, and stalk off, looking grim as a Saracen.

My chief pleasure on a rainy day, is to sit at a window, and mark the passers by. There you see the ladies, pretty creatures, tripping along with their slight silken shields held over their slender bonnets, and their petticoats held up, as though to preserve them from being draggled or splashed, yet I verily believe, more for the purpose of displaying their finely turned ankles. Then comes a poor half-drowned mortal, completely drenched through and through, with his hat slouching over his eyes, and his hands in his pockets, creeping along at a snail-like pace, as if he defied the elements, and invited them to do their worst. Then you hear the clatter of

pattens, and some servant-lass from a neighbouring mansion hurries past, with her white apron thrown over her newly washed and showily trimmed cap. Next comes the rattling of wheels, and the hackney coachman sweeps on, urging his jaded and worn-out cattle to the top of their speed, which amounts to a half trot, whilst a copious quantity of steam evaporates from them, and forms a mist around him; his broad brimmed castor drooping and dripping on his burly great-coat, and a bundle of handkerchiefs huddling up to his eyes. The streets abound with dense little lakes, caused by the rain settling in the indentures made by the cart-wheels; and when there is nothing else to engage my attention, I watch the continued succession of circles spreading over them, as drop after drop descends. Now the rain comes faster and faster, and all are on the run, even if they know they are so far distant from home or shelter that they must be wet to all intents and purposes, whether they run or walk. There is something amusing in

the racing of straws and other small particles of matter, as they hurry along the channel, to their eternity — the main sewer. Schools are breaking up for the day, and the most careful urchins scamper by, with their handkerchiefs tied over their hats; whilst a more thoughtless and mischievous set stop the soughs, dam up the channels, make what they call "a flood," and caper round the puddle.—The servant enters the room, and informs me that tea is ready; after sipping my favourite beverage, I take a book, and resume my place at the window; thus enjoying a double pleasure, until it becomes dark. Then candles are lighted, the blinds are lowered, and the fire burns bright and cheerfully. I seat myself by the blazing hearth, and lift my head at intervals from my book, to listen to the howling of the wind, for the night has become tempestuous. Now I feel the blessings of my own lot, and thank God for my comfortable dwelling. I think, with a feeling of subdued melancholy, of those poor unfortunates who are now wandering

through the desolate streets, lightly clad, pining with cold and hunger, and without a shelter from the night-storm. I contrast the situation of those poor children of adversity, for whom the world is so barren of delight, with that of the wealthy and the high-born, whose lives are a continued round of luxury and enjoyment; and when I reflect on the inequality with which the Creator's bounties are distributed to his creatures, I heave a sigh for the imperfectness of human institutions. I retire, with a heavy heart, to my couch; the rain patters against my casement, and the blast sweeps fitfully by; again I thank God for the blessings which have fallen to my lot.

TO A STREAM

Glide on, pure current !—would my course
might be

Like to thy now unruffled, quiet flow ;
Yet, ah, my lot doth more resemble thee,
When 'gainst thy pathway storm and tempest
blow.

Piercing thy waters with admiring gaze,
We see full many things within them lie,
Which, when thou'rt lit up by the noon-tide
blaze,

Seem bright as pearls or diamonds to the eye ;
But if within thy crystal waves we dive,
What we thought fair, to things unvalued turn :
Such are the pleasures which the world doth give,
Such are the joys for which our spirits yearn—
Bright are they deem'd until we them possess,
Then bursts the bubble of our happiness.

ALBERT AND GERALDINE

"I'll meet thee, love, when sun has set,"
Said Albert to his Geraldine ;
"When with night's dew the flowers are wet,
And in the sky the moon is seen.

"I'll meet thee by the ruin'd tow'r,
Beside the well-known spreading tree ;
Adieu, my sweet, thou know'st the hour—
Thy lover there will waiting be."

Away the youthful Albert went,
O'er hill and vale and flowery glade ;
Yet still, though on his footsteps bent,
His thoughts were with his lovely maid.

How slow to Geraldine seem'd time !
As, musing in her lonely bow'r,
She thought the clock would never chime
The long-expected meeting hour.

At length, upon her listening ear
Th' appointed signal sweetly rang :
To meet the youth, by far more dear
Than words had told, she lightly sprang.

The crimson sun had glided down,
And earth was wrapt in sable shroud ;
The pale, chaste beamings of the moon
Were shaded by an envious cloud.

Soon reach'd the maid the spreading tree—
No Albert !—much she wonder'd where
Her lover loitering could be—
She search'd the tow'r, nor was he there.

The wind came sighing through the trees,
 She look'd around, and all was lone,
 But, borne on by the passing breeze,
 She heard a low and feeble groan.

Her bosom now with fear throb'd fast,
 And yet she thought her fears were vain ;
 It might be but the moaning blast—
 But hark ! she hears the sound again.

She call'd the courage to her heart—
 The guileless heart may claim its aid—
 And from her clouds the moon did start,
 As though to cheer the beauteous maid.

She pray'd aloud to Him above,
 Whose wondrous eyes' all-seeing pow'r,
 Looks on the virtuous with love,
 In gladness, or in sorrow's hour.

Her prayer was heard, and as she knelt
An humble suppliant to Him
Who guards the innocent, she felt
More firm of heart, more strong of limb.

She rose, and once more on the wind
There came a groaning low and faint ;
With glance of dread she sought to find
From whence arose the sad complaint.

With noiseless step she trac'd the sound,
And lighted by the moonshine wan,
She saw upon the dew-starr'd ground
A pale and bleeding dying man.

She gaz'd that fearful sight upon—
“Oh, God ! my Albert's form !” she cried :
Thus spoke the youth, with feeble tone,
“My Geraldine, my destin'd bride !

“Kind Heaven, I thank thee, that I greet
 My Geraldine or ere I die,
 And yet 'tis bitter thus to meet
 My fate by dastard treachery.

“As on I came, in blissful mood,
 The glare of burnish'd arms reveal'd,
 In the thick covert of the wood,
 One who had wish'd to lie conceal'd.

“I heeded not, still pass'd along,
 But as I onwards gaily prest,
 Forth from his shade the ruffian sprung,
 And plung'd a dagger in my breast.

“I fell, and fix'd my eyes upon
 My murderer's face, and his dark brow
 A fiend-like joy was pictur'd on—
 'Twas Rodolph struck the fatal blow!

"There, Geraldine, my rival stood,
His hands with living crimson dyed,
His dagger reeking with my blood,
And thus exultingly he cried.

" 'There, dreaming, youthful doter, lie,
The earth a pillow for thy head,
Thy music be the night-wind's sigh,
The grave shall be thy bridal bed !'

"This said, the traitor quickly flew—
But, oh, farewell ! faint beats my heart,
And on my brow the clammy dew,
The chilling damp of death doth start.

"Yet think not that this is to me
Moment of agony—in death,
The form my soul adores I see,
My love receives my latest breath !"

He ceas'd—away his spirit sprung,
 Lifeless was he, the gay and proud ;
 As if to mourn for one so young,
 Again the pale moon sought her cloud.

Oh, mournful is the tale I tell !
 And well the maiden's heart might break ;
 Upon her lover's corse she fell,
 And kiss'd his wan and ice-cold cheek.

“He's gone from me, the good, the brave,
 Who ever dear in life hath been ;
 I liv'd for Albert, and his grave
 Shall be the grave of Geraldine !”

Her white arms round his frame she twin'd,
 Then for her love the maiden died,
 And faithful, true in death reclin'd
 Young Albert and his destin'd bride !

LOVE-DOUBTS

Hast thou a thought, my maiden-love, of me ?

As I am toiling 'mid a wayward lot ,

Remember'st thou one who hath ne'er forgot ?

Reckless of all, if but belov'd by thee.

It may be I have cherish'd love in vain ;

Endur'd with hope, to find that hope depart ;

Treasur'd, in secret, source of many a pain ;

Kept but a worm to feed upon the heart :

Even were it so, the shaft is driven, and now

Rankling for ever in the breast it lies—

Silk lash the string, fair lid the fatal bow,

Hurried away the arrow from thine eyes.

Ah, speak my doom ! thou, only, life canst give—

Wilt thou then leave to die, or bid to live ?

TO MARIAN

Like to a rose just bursting into bloom,
Or like a violet shrinking from the sun,
Or like a pale star, shining 'mid the gloom,
To cheer the drooping heart, and guide it on;
Oh, such art thou—a being form'd to bless,
Gladdening my spirit with thy loveliness.

Fair as the white dove, when, upon the wing,
It floateth slowly through the sunny air ;
More sweet thy breath than when from flowers
of spring,
The gentle winds the balmy odours bear :
My bark of hope, when worldly tempests rage,
My fount of joy, amid life's pilgrimage.

Bright eyes have glanc'd on me, and I have
been

Caress'd by beauty in the festal hall—
Yes, I have mingled in the joyous scene,
When it did seem the young heart's carnival :
Perchance my features may have worn a smile,
And yet my spirit hath been sad the while.

I had imagin'd—it might be in dreams,
Or 'twixt a dreaming and a waking thought,
When to the mind oft come mysterious gleams
Of things and shapes with past and future
wrought—

I had imagin'd one whom I could love,
And with my memory that bright form I wove.

I nurs'd that beauteous image of the mind,
And it was with me in the banquet hour ;
Amid the festive group I sought to find
That form created by the fancy's power ;
I found it not, and then I turn'd aside,
Yearning for that which ever seem'd denied.

Fair form, sweet being, I have found thee now !

That blessed moment ne'er can I forget,

When, after fading of the day's proud glow,

Thy maiden beauty first my fond gaze met ;

I saw at once the image long enshrin'd

Within my heart, and fashion'd by the mind.

The stars were out upon that lovely night,

And the white clouds were sailing up on high,

And the moon glided, in her bark of light,

With virgin majesty athwart the sky :

Star, cloud, and moon, oh ! what were those

to me ?

My love, my Marian, I but thought of thee.

Thine eyes are dearer than the stars of heaven,

Thou art as pure as is the virgin moon,

Thy course more bright than that of white clouds

driven,

Like silver isles, in the night's pallid noon ;

The spell, the charm, for which in, musings lone

My spirit pin'd, is all around thee thrown.

My waking dream of bliss, it cannot fade ;
The love, the light that liveth but in thee,
E'en when the dust upon mine heart is laid,
Shall be unquench'd in its idolatry :
Change, death, and worm, ye are but for the
clay—
The soul, the spirit cannot know decay !

**LINES WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION
OF AN UNFINISHED DESIGN BY THE LATE
HENRY LIVERSEGE**

Look thou upon this sketch, nor turn aside,
As from a thing unworthy of thy gaze.
To thee, perchance, this rude design may seem
Of trifling import—unto me it brings
A host of sweet, yet sad remembrances.
A crowd of images before me rise,
Like shadows call'd to life by wizard art.
The beings I behold are not of clay—
The breath of sickness hath no power to taint,
Nor years to bow them down unto the dust,
But age, disease, and death, leave them unscath'd.

Some in the dawn of infancy I see,
And that sweet season will endure for ever ;
The bloom of youth is on the cheeks of some,
And smiles light up their joyous lips and eyes ;
No coming cloud will dim those looks of joy,
No thought of sorrow pain their youthful hearts—
Their bloom, their smiles, their joy will be
 undying.

I look on brows that years have furrowed o'er.
On heads that Time hath silver'd with his touch,
But of the grave they dream not, and content
Dwells in their aged eyes—for them the tomb
May yawn in vain—they are not mark'd for death !
No beings see I of a mortal mould—
They are the creatures of an art divine,
And Painting gave them birth—he whose bold
 hand

Did fashion them, view'd them with loving eyes.
Oh, he was one whose soul outwore its frame !
Rich in the wealth of genius, he strove
To battle with disease—alas, in vain !
His hour had come—the artist perish'd young.

Then look upon this sketch, nor turn aside—
The lost, the gifted, hath impress'd it there.

The youth was one who woo'd the phantom
Fame ;

And through the watches of the dreary night,
And in the splendour of the bright noon-day,
He, to the spirit whom he sought to win,
Pour'd forth his orisons. Long time in vain
He strove to gain his idol's favours—frowns
Were his only portion—undismayed,
The phantom still did he pursue. She smil'd,
At length, upon her votary, and call'd
The young enthusiast to her temple.
Up a steep mountain did she lead the way :
The path was difficult, and hard to tread,
Yet onward still he press'd, cheer'd by her voice.
The temple now was gain'd—joy flush'd his brow,
But, as he strove to enter, forth there stepp'd
A grisly spectre, and with bony hand
It stay'd his progress. “Come with me,” it cried,
“Thy race is run, thy visions at an end ;

Fame thou hast won—'tis well—thou look'st on
Death!"

And so he died, but not his memory :
Unto the world Fame trumpetted his praise,
And thousands own'd the magic of his skill,
And on the wonders of his genius gaz'd,
With boundless admiration and delight.
Fame soar'd aloft, and smil'd ; then link'd
the name
Of LIVERSEGE with Immortality.

THE SELF

How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
Resolve me of all ambiguities?
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world,
For costly fruits and princely delicates.

MARLOWE

“From morning to night do I toil,” said Hubert the woodcutter, as he returned one evening from the forest, “and rags and poverty are my only rewards; but I will endure it no longer: this very night will I betake me to the wizard Grimerius, accept of his terms, and become rich. What care I about having a self? I shall have wealth enough to support a dozen selves, and my second self will be a companion to my first self.”

Grimerius was a learned and skilful magician, and so wonderous were the powers of his art, that the ministers of darkness tremblingly performed his bidding, and the elements were the slaves of his will. He dwelt alone—alone with respect to earthly companions. He stamped with his foot, and a score of infernal lackeys attended the summons, and were ready to fly at his command to the world's verge. If he wished to vent his wrath on man, away rode his spirits on the wings of the wind, and the tall and stately ship was dashed upon the rocks, or whelmed beneath the furious waves—the fierce volcano opened wide its hot and flaming jaws, and fertile villages became heaps of smoking ashes—the shuddering earth was rent in twain, and the peasant's cottage, and the noble's castle, were hurled indiscriminately into its womb. These, and numerous other pranks of a like nature, were at least ascribed to him by his neighbours; and he indeed would have been deemed a sceptic who had dared to doubt the truth of their assertions.

It was also said, amongst the peasantry and for the veracity of this assertion my tale will vouch, that Grimerius would grant a man all he desired, provided he would consent to have a self; that is, a figure of the wizard's creation, exactly like the person who acceded to his terms, and animated by the same feelings and impulses. What could be his motive for wishing to indulge this strange whim, was beyond his neighbours' comprehension. It is true many explanations were given of the mystery, quite clear and satisfactory to their respective authors, but as they were all different, I shall not trespass upon the patience of my reader by stating them. I candidly confess my own inability to throw any light upon the subject, and therefore the secret is likely to remain one for me. Thus far, however, all accounts agreed;—the wizard was extremely desirous of accomplishing his object, yet could not create the being he wished, without the previous consent of the person in whose likeness it was to appear. Hubert had long pondered over this

matter, and had often thought of applying to Grimerius for "further particulars."

A tradition existed that the wizard's terms had once been accepted, and that he who accepted them soon grew so weary of the unearthly companion who was ever by his side, that, in a fit of despair, he put an end to his existence. This was the principal reason that had hitherto deterred the woodcutter from making an application to the wizard, for he had long been discontented with his state, and was naturally of a firm and daring disposition. As will be seen by his preceding soliloquy, he now determined, reckless of consequences, to subscribe to the conditions of the magician.

Night had veiled the earth, and the lamps of heaven burned brightly, when Hubert knocked at the door of the wizard's habitation. A clear and full-toned voice bade him come in. The room into which he entered was dark and spacious, and a faint light, emitted by a single taper, vainly, struggled to dissipate the surrounding gloom.

The walls were ornamented, or rather defaced, with drawings of grotesque and hideous forms, whose distended eyes, seen through the imperfect light, seemed to glare fearfully on the intruder; and around were scattered various necromantic implements. The magician was seated at a desk of ebony, intently perusing a ponderous volume, inscribed with strange and mystic characters. Several minutes elapsed, and still he continued his studies, apparently unconscious of his visiter's presence, the wavering of whose purpose began to be indicated by the trembling of his limbs, and his frequent glances towards the closed door. His prolific imagination, aided by the objects around him, had succeeded in conjuring up such a train of terrific fancies, that he was just preparing to effect an escape, when he beheld the wizard raise his head slowly from the book, and fix on him his piercing eyes. He paused, ere he spoke, and the woodcutter had leisure to survey his singular and striking countenance. He appeared to be a man little past the middle

age of life. His features might almost have been termed faultless, and his raven locks curled closely round his high and expansive forehead. His eyes were intensely bright, and but for their snake-like expression, and the ashy and cadaverous hue of his complexion, he would have been eminently handsome. His dress was of black velvet, and fitted close to his person. Previously to speaking, he rose from his seat, as if to display his towering and majestic stature, and, folding his arms over his breast, thus addressed his disconcerted guest:—

“What would'st thou of me, that thus thou breakest in upon my meditations?”

“Please your wizardship,” said Hubert, “I have been long endeavouring to earn a comfortable subsistence, but, finding all honest means in vain, I am determined——

“For the future to use dishonest ones,” interrupted the magician.

“Why as to that,” said the woodcutter, “if the world lie not, I am not the only one who prefers

wealth and power, however obtained, to despised poverty with all its honesty."

"No prating, sirrah!" cried the wizard, testily; for report said that he himself had in other days been acquainted with want and wretchedness: "I am not to be trifled with—what would'st thou with me, fellow?"

"Briefly then," replied Hubert, "I am poor, and having heard that, by fulfilling certain conditions, my poverty might be remedied, I am come to do your bidding."

"Know'st thou the terms on which alone thou canst become rich?" said the magician.

"In part," said Hubert; "but be they what they may, I will consent to all thou requirest."

"Enough," exclaimed the magician, and a smile of bitter *dérision* played for a moment over his features. He took from his desk the skeleton of a bond, and, filling up the blank spaces, in a lawyer-like manner, he handed it to the wood-cutter for his signature.

As our hero—all the chief personages of tales

are heroes, be they princes or peasants, warriors or highwaymen—as our hero, therefore, was unacquainted with the profitless art of writing, he was about to make its customary substitute, a sign of the cross, when his hand was suddenly arrested in its progress by the wizard.

“Hold!” cried he, in an alarmed and quick voice, “give me some other token of approval, some other mark of thy consent; make not that hated sign, or here our treaty ends.”

The woodcutter complied with his request, and made a mark of less obnoxious character, and the magician proceeded to business. He opened a closet, and brought forth a number of nameless ingredients, and, casting them into a caldron in a retired part of the room, under which a fire was previously lighted, he began to stir them with a stick or wand. A mist rose slowly from the caldron. The magician paused in his employment, and the mist instantly dispersed.

“Approach,” said he, in a low, subdued tone,

and the woodcutter obeyed. "Bare thine arm—now let the blood flow into the caldron;" and, as he spoke, with a sharp instrument he dexterously opened a vein.

The woodcutter did as required, and the magician resumed his occupation. Again the mist rose slowly from the caldron. By degrees it gained an appearance somewhat resembling a human being—the ingredients were stirred with redoubled vigour.

"'Tis done!" shouted the wizard. The mist vanished, the blood ceased to flow from the arm of the woodcutter, and, turning his head, he saw by his side a figure, his exact counterpart in form and feature.

"Away!" cried the magician, "thy wish is accomplished."

"Not so fast, good sir," replied Hubert, "I have performed my part of the contract, and it is but just that you should perform yours. Mean you to play me false? Where is my promised wealth?"

"Slave!" exclaimed the magician, "doubt'st thou me? Begone! hie thee to where thy hut once stood, and thou wilt find wealth in abundance—ay, even to satiety."

When the woodcutter had left the magician's abode, his heart misgave him.

"How," said he aloud, "if the villain should have made me his dupe!"

"How, if the villain should have made ME his dupe!" echoed a voice by his side.

He turned, and his eyes met those of the newly-created self.

"Gadso!" said he, "I had forgotten I had a companion, and one, too, of the wizard's creating. I suppose now this fellow will be able to tell me all about it."

He proceeded, accordingly, to question the figure, as to the nature of his wealth, but he soon desisted from his inquiries, for the replies he obtained were only repetitions of his own words.

"Thou art a mighty impertinent varlet," said

he to the being, "yet if thou wilt play the echo, so be it—thou shalt be a musical one, and assist me in trolling an old ditty."

So saying, he chanted the following strain, in which he was accompanied by the self:—

THE MAIDEN'S FATE

It was Sir Hugh, the baron bold,

Rode out at break of morn,

With hound, as though to chase the deer,

And glittering bugle horn.

He rode o'er hill, he rode o'er dale,

He rode o'er barren moor,

And sprung o'er crags where horse and hound,

Had never been before.

The morn was fair, the sun shone forth,

The rivers flash'd like gold,

And all was gay that met the eye

Of the joyful baron bold.

Oh, it was not so much to chase the deer,

Or to brush the dew away,

That the baron had left his downy couch,

And mounted his courser gray.

The baron he lov'd a maiden bright,
Yet she was of lowly race,
And he rode to meet her at break of day,
As though he had follow'd the chase.

The baron he spurr'd his goodly steed,
And rode with might and main ;
And when he had ridden a mile or two,
A deer sprang o'er the plain.

Then drew the baron his fatal bow,
Swift flew the feathery dart ;
The arrow it miss'd the bounding deer,
But it pierc'd his true-love's heart !

The knight he leap'd from his foaming horse,
And clasp'd unto his breast
The dying form of the lovely maid,
And her cold, cold lips he press'd.

"And must thou die, mine own true love ?
And art thou slain by me ?
Thou wert my life, my hope, my all,
And I have murder'd thee !"

The knight return'd unto his hall,
 A chang'd and sorrowing man ;
 And never from that hour, a smile
 Pass'd o'er his features wan.

"Well," said Hubert to the self, when the song was finished, "thou wilt not be a quarrelsome companion; actuated by the same thoughts and impulses as myself, thou wilt not be much inclined to wrangle with thine image. Henceforth, then, be thou the partaker of my joys, and the sharer of my sorrows."

They now arrived at the spot where Hubert had left his rude dwelling; instead of a mean wooden hut, he found a large and magnificent mansion; he gazed around him, rubbed his eyes, and then stared at it again.

"Am I awake," said he, "or is this habitation the work of magic? Be it as it may, awake or asleep, and magic or not, it seems a goodly place, and I will essay to gain an entrance."

He pulled the handle of a bell appended to the gate, and his summons was answered by a

porter, who, without awaiting further question, ushered him through a stately hall into a handsome and brilliantly illuminated apartment, in the centre of which was placed a massy and richly gilt table, spread with a profusion of the most costly viands. The goblets were of burnished gold, and the plates and dishes pure and dazzling silver. At the head of the table were two throne-like seats, incased in crimson velvet; in short, all the furniture was of a rare and splendid description. A host of obsequious menials were in attendance: the butler declared he had been particularly careful in selecting the choicest wines; the cook hoped the food provided would suit his palate; and all behaved as though in the presence of a master whose favour they were anxious to secure. Hubert beheld and listened in astonishment, but he made no remark on what he saw and heard. Discovering no other company, he proceeded to take possession of one of the seats before mentioned, and the self, imitating his example, occupied the other.

The viands were found to be delicious, and the wine was pronounced excellent. Often were the bright goblets emptied of their glowing contents, and it was past midnight when Hubert left the table.

“This cheer is delightful,” said he to his companion, as they staggered away arm in arm, “what thinkest thou?”

The self merely repeated the words. They were shown up a flight of wide and lofty stairs, into a spacious chamber, where stood a couch, whose silken curtains were wrought with figures of gold; and the decorations of the room were in a similar style of elegance to those in the one below.

Hubert’s faculties were, however, too much impaired by his recent revel, to enable him to bestow much attention on the fresh novelties which presented themselves to his view, and hastily disrobing himself, he was soon fast asleep.

The morning was far advanced when he awoke; but the draperies of the windows admitted only a

dim and uncertain light into the chamber. All recollections of the preceding night's adventures had vanished from Hubert's memory ; and, finding he had a bedfellow, he was entirely at a loss how to account for it. He arose, and began to search for his garments, as he thought it must be time for him to proceed to the forest, to commence his daily occupation. His search was fruitless, and, to heighten his displeasure, his companion moved as he moved, and imitated all his actions. A confused remembrance of the events of the foregoing night recurred to his mind.

“ Leave me !” said he to the figure.

“ Leave me !” it repeated, still keeping close to him.

“ Curse thy mockery !” said he, aiming a blow at it.

The blow fell heavily on the self, and was as heavily returned. Hubert's patience was now quite exhausted, and, foaming with passion, he began to pummel the self with all his might ; the self was not tardy in repaying his cuffs, and a

furious battle ensued. The combatants were soon prostrate on the floor; still neither relinquished his hold, and Hubert having previously opened the chamber-door for the purpose of admitting light to aid him in his search, in their struggles they dragged each other out of the room, and, rolling along the gallery, both tumbled down stairs. The fall cooled their fury, and, when they arrived at the bottom of the descent, Hubert loosened his grasp, and managed, with difficulty, to lift up his sorely-bruised body.

"I see," said he to the self, with a rueful countenance, "that it is of no use to quarrel with thee, for where both are equal neither can gain an advantage, so even give me thy hand, and let us be friends."

The self echoed his words, and did as required.

"Thou would'st be a good fellow enough," continued Hubert, "if thou hadst not such a plaguy trick of imitation."

They returned to their chamber, and, discovering two rich suits of apparel, each arrayed him-

self, and they then proceeded to the scene of their last night's banquet, and partook of a collation that awaited them.

Hubert now set on foot preparations for a splendid feast, and dispatched messengers to request the attendance, on the following evening, of all those whom he had known in adversity. The appointed time arrived, and the largest apartment was thronged with people, principally of the lower class. When the company had assembled, Hubert entered the room, clad in the most gorgeous style, and with as much dignity as it was possible for him to assume; the self entered at the same moment, clad in like manner. Both took their seats at the upper end of the table, to the admiration and astonishment of the guests. Neither admiration nor astonishment spoiled the appetites of the visitors, and they ate and drank as if for a wager. No sooner, however, had they satisfied the cravings of their stomachs, than they commenced whispering one to another, and cast curious and inquiring looks at

the two Huberts, evidently alarmed at the strange phenomenon. Hubert perceived their curiosity, and, in order to put a stop to their surmises, he addressed them in the following speech, which he had composed for the occasion, and thought sufficiently explicit to do away with all unpleasant suspicions :—

“ My friends, I see you are surprised at this sudden change in my circumstances, but I will explain the cause of it in a few words. The person by my side is my twin-brother, whose close resemblance to myself was, even in our childhood, considered extremely remarkable. He left me, when young, for a far distant land, and having amassed a large quantity of wealth, he has returned at last to share it with his only remaining relative ; for, alas, Time, my dear neighbours, is a sad destroyer of the human race !”

Here Hubert and his image both applied their handkerchiefs to their eyes.

“ You no doubt are astonished at his repetition of my words and actions. Owing to a wound re-

ceived on his head, he is at times afflicted with derangement, in which he is always seized with this odd whim of mimicry. When I inform you that he is now suffering under one of these temporary fits, you will no longer feel so much amazed."

This speech, however, failed in its effects ; the guests still continued to stare and whisper, and at an early hour they all slunk away with looks of alarm and horror.

The next day Hubert thought proper to walk abroad, for the first time since the acquirement of his riches. As he paced through the streets the children avoided his path, and the doors and windows were crowded with people, who gathered together to gaze at him. At first he construed the universal sensation excited by his appearance into respect for his superior wealth, and admiration of his jewels and apparel, but he was soon woefully undeceived. There was a loud and continued cry raised after him of "Behold the double man! Death to the wretch who

has sold himself to the wizard!" The cry was mixed with hootings and imprecations, and a shower of stones and other missiles were hurled at him. One portion of the multitude armed themselves with various weapons of offence, and pursued him, breathing vengeance. He contrived to get within the precincts of his own gate, ere they came up with him, and he then fled trembling to his chamber; his persecutors, in the meantime, keeping up such a clamour on the outside of his dwelling, that he momentarily expected they would effect an entrance, and proceed to acts of further violence. The self was still with him.

"Accursed monster!" said he, "were it not for thee I might be truly happy; and hast thou no consolation to offer me? no voice save to repeat my own words? Fiend! mocker! canst thou not answer me?"

He hid his face in his hands, and turned from the figure with loathing.

In vain did he strive to shun the self—sleeping

or waking it was ever by his side. If he stirred abroad, the persecutions of the peasantry rendered his life in peril; if he sought the aid of wine, when about to raise the cup to his lips, his eyes encountered those of the self, and their glance turned the draught to bitterness.

"Fool! madman! that I was," he exclaimed, "to expect happiness from leaguings myself with the powers of darkness! I am a hermit amongst my fellow-men, a prisoner in my own mansion, despised by those that loved me, hated and avoided by all. I will return to the wizard, and implore him to restore me my poor hut, homely fare, and coarse garments."

When darkness was around, and sleep had closed the watchful eyes of his neighbours, Hubert again bent his steps to the wizard's dwelling. He entered, and found, as on his previous visit, the magician occupied in poring over a large volume.

"What more dost thou require," said he, "that thou again darest to disturb my solitude? Have

I not supplied thee with all thou didst wish?
Art thou not satisfied?"

"Thou hast granted me all; nay, more than I desire," replied Hubert, "and still I am not satisfied. Take back thy wealth, take back thy monster, and give me in return, poverty and content."

"Dolt! idiot!" said the magician, "would'st thou again return to rags and wretchedness? Would'st thou relinquish the riches and the splendour with which I have endowed thee, merely because I have given thee a companion in thy good fortune?"

"What is wealth and grandeur to me," said Hubert, "all my former friends shun me—no one will share in my prosperity; no one, except this hated being, who clings to me as a shadow; whose words are but echoes of my own; and whose aspect, though like to mine, I regard with disgust and detestation."

"Thou wastest breath," said the wizard; "I have fulfilled thy request, and it were as easy

for thee to alter the course of the sun, as to persuade me to change thy condition."

"Demon as thou art," replied the wretched man, "hast thou no compassion? If I must retain thy fatal gift, at least let this creature have words and actions different from mine; even if it thwart me in all my purposes. Let it be any thing but an echo to myself, and I will bless thee!"

"Ha!" cried the wizard, "dost thou taunt me? Thou askest that which it is beyond my skill to accomplish. Hence, miscreant—thy doom is fixed!"

The wizard stamped violently on the ground, and instantly Hubert was seized by invisible hands, and borne away with such incredible swiftness that his brain grew dizzy, and his senses forsook him. When he recovered, he found himself resting on a couch in one of his own apartments, and the self was still by his side.

"Miserable wretch that I am!" exclaimed he; my joys are blasted for ever; sorrow awaits me in this world, and eternal torture in the next!"

A weary year wore away, and each day did the unhappiness of Hubert increase ; each day did his hatred to the self become greater. To such an excess at length did his misery arrive, that in an agony of passion and despair he drew a dagger from his girdle, crying, " There is but one way to rid myself of thee, detested fiend, and I will accomplish the deed or perish !" Thus saying, he rushed upon the self, and plunged his weapon in its breast ; the arm of the self was uplifted at the same moment, and another weapon clove the heart* of the ill-starred Hubert. A loud crash was heard by the surrounding inhabitants, and when they looked towards the place where the stately mansion had so lately stood, they saw nothing but a confused mass of stones, from whence clouds of dust, which they averred had a sulphurous smell, arose in large columns.

The wizard's fate may be briefly told. The sky was one night observed to assume an unusually murky appearance ; the stars shone for a few moments with a pale and sickly light, and then

were quenched in gloom. The atmosphere became excessively sultry and oppressive, and the peasants gazed on the heavens with looks of horror and dismay ; for the white face of the moon had changed to a blood-red hue. Suddenly a broad sheet of bright flame rushed rapidly through the air, loud shrieks of anguish were heard, and it was asserted that two forms might be discerned in a blazing chariot, one of whom was the unfortunate dealer in magic, and the other a personage who shall be unmentionable. At the dawn of morning a number of people repaired to the site of the wizard's abode. There was not a vestige of the dwelling to be seen, but the grass and herbage in its vicinity were scorched and withered, and the leaves had fallen shrivelled from the trees, as if they had been breathed on by autumn, though it was then only the commencement of summer.

The foregoing tale was told to me by an old grey-headed man, and when he had finished his recital, he read me a long sermon, cautioning me never to obtain wealth by unlawful practices, nor ever to wish for that which could only be acquired by evil means. "For," said he, stroking his beard, and looking extremely wise, "what is gotten under the devil's hip always goes under his hoof."

REPININGS

I am aweary of the haunts of men ;
I dwell amid them with a stifled soul,
And pant for nature as a happy goal ;
Struggling with fate, a world-sick denizen,
My very heart is poison'd with the care,
The toil, the pain, the suffering, and the strife,
The tortures of our lot—the things which are
The spirit's rack, the harrow of our life :
I long, I yearn the quite joy to share,
Which fills the creatures free, of hill and vale ;
I crave for green fields and the pleasant air—
Even as an insect on the breeze I'd sail,
Or, as a lark, give music to the gale,
Or, lamb-like, stray mid grass and blossoms
pale.

THE POET'S LOVE

The poet's love ! the poet's love !

She is no high-born maid,

Nor is she of that lowly race

Who dwell in cottage-shade :

You see her not at festival,

But ever by his side ;

She nurses but one wish, one hope—

To be the poet's bride.

She moveth not in gaze of man

With proud and stately tread ;

She turneth not from humble suit,

With high and scornful head :

Her heart is pity's holy shrine,
And timid as the dove,
She glideth—meek, though beautiful,
The poet's chosen love.

How did he woo the gentle maid ?
How gain her virgin heart ?
He won her not with costly gems,
But with his minstrel art.
He wooed her not in mazy dance,
Nor 'mid a festive throng ;
He wooed her in her solitude,
And charm'd her with his song.

She shares with him the laurel wreath,
Her beauty and her name
Are living in his glowing lines,
Blent with the poet's fame ;
And is it not a prouder joy
Than wealth or birth can give,
To think, when we are with the dead,
Our memory yet may live ?

And loveth not the maid to think
 She hath beneath her sway
 A child of sweet imaginings,
 A master of the lay ?
 To know the son of wayward thought
 Bows to her dear control,
 To know that she hath wak'd to love
 A waker of the soul ?

The poet's love, she is not clad
 In rich and gay attire ;
 No chain of gold around her neck,
 To make strange eyes admire ;
 She hath no jewels 'mid her hair,
 No ring with emerald stone—
 She knows her lovely unto him
 Who loveth her alone.

THE SIRE'S FAREWELL

Thou treasur'd of thy father's heart,
My last, my dearest child,
And wilt thou from thine home depart,
To tread the world's dark wild ?
Where thou wilt meet no fond caress,
Where most will blame, and few will bless.

Dear as thou art unto me, I
Have seen thee when most glad,
And tears have gather'd in mine eye,
And mine old heart been sad :
Thou wert a mirror to my gaze, .
Recalling long, departed days.

Bereft of thee, my type I see
 Standing in yonder wood,
 An aged and a wither'd tree,
 In leafless solitude ;
 Such shall I be when thou art gone,
 A tree whose last green leaf has flown.

To grief thou art a stranger now,
 My young, my dark-hair'd boy ;
 But soon the time may come when thou
 Wilt be as strange to joy,
 When cheek of bloom and forehead fair,
 Will wrinkle 'neath the touch of care.

I have been out upon the sea,
 Toss'd on the worldly wave,
 And wreck'd—then shall I suffer thee
 The storms of life to brave ?
 I must, for in the soul there springs
 Strange yearnings after unknown things.

Whilst thou art toiling 'mid a lot,
Where peace is lost, wealth won,
Thy sire, perchance, may be forgot ;
But when at set of sun,
Thou breathest prayer, and bendest knee,
Pray thou for him who'll pray for thee.

Away, my child ! why should I blight
The spring-flowers of thy heart ?
The hopes which paint thy course so bright,
Why should I bid depart ?
Why, with officious haste, reveal
What thou too soon must see and feel ?

Away ! and may the light of Him
Who leadeth not astray,
Still dwell with thee when life grows dim,
And cheer thee on thy way ;
For joy is not with earthly doom,
And bliss but lives beyond the tomb.

DREAMS OF A CONFLICT

I had a dream ere midnight
Of a green and sunny dell,
And trees, and streams, and shadowy haunts,
Which I remember'd well ;
And forms I knew in other days,
Pass'd joyously along,
With laughing eyes, and bounding steps,
A sweet and blessed throng.

My thoughts were all of happiness,
And my youthful heart was light,
For the present was a dream of bliss,
And the future seem'd all bright.

Away! away! in a chase of joy,
With my mates I bounded on,
As the bee which no sooner leaves one sweet flower,
Than another as sweet is won.

There was one whom I lov'd—when twilight came,
I roam'd from my mates away,
And sought out a lone and quiet spot,
By that dear one's side to stray;
We pledg'd our faith when the stars were out,
And we vow'd by the flowers and streams,
To love, though the leaves of the one decay'd,
And the waters past like dreams.

There came a change, and I bade farewell
To the home of my youthful years,
And the smother'd sighs of my parents' grief
Were blent with my sister's tears;
And she whom I lov'd around me clung,
In her pale and mute despair,
But I tore myself from her fond embrace,
And——the vision no longer was there.

I had a dream, ere day-break,
 Of a wild and dark career,
 And I had almost ceas'd to think
 Of what was once most dear;
 For the memory of my early days
 Brought bitterness and pain,
 And I sought the wine-cup's maddening draught,
 To chase it from my brain.

There was a crowd of reckless beings,
 Who gaz'd on the fatal die,
 On which their hopes and their all were set,
 With breathless agony:
 Some shouted madly, in their joy,
 Some mutter'd furious ban,
 And there I sat, with frenzied soul,
 A chang'd and ruin'd man.



The spot was lone and gloomy—
With uprais'd arm I stood—
A sudden flash and my victim fell,
And wealth was gain'd by blood ;
Then strong and heavy fetters
Were girt around each limb,
And doom'd to a death of guilt and shame,
I lay in a dungeon dim.

I wake!—oh, what hath broken
The calm that reign'd around ?
'Twas the drawing back of prison-bolts,
And the death-bell's sullen sound :
This is no baseless vision,
For death and shame await—
Come in, come in, thou holy priest !—
Now lead me to my fate.

THE LAST ADIEU

A last adieu! since we must part,
Since we in love no more may meet;
Though ne'er can fade from my lone heart,
Remembrance of our passion sweet.

Adieu! I need not now recall
Those by-gone hours of parted bliss,
When thou did'st vow to love through all,
And seal thy vow with holy kiss.

And, oh, though slander's venom'd tongue,
Did tell that I was false to thee,
How could'st thou do me so much wrong,
As credit that which could not be?

But evil tongues can nought avail
To the warm breast that true doth love ;
That heedeth not the slanderous tale,
Until its truth cold looks do prove.

And did my eyes e'er give one look
That did not of affection speak ?
Or did harsh word thou could'st not brook,
In anger from my lips e'er break ?

Oh, no !—I never breath'd a sigh,
That was not fondly, wholly thine,
Nor ever did thy searching eye
Read aught but love for thee in mine.

Then must we part ?—well, be it so !
Reproach, by me, shall not be spoken,
For if thou doubt'st, thou canst not know
The heart that thou hast almost broken.

MY NOSE

Did such "a nose" haunt my bitterest foe,
I should wish him no severer punishment.

M. G. LEWIS

If ever there were a mortal who suffered undeservedly, that mortal is myself. I am guilty of no enormous crime. I am not one of those persons who look after every body's business, except their own. I am tolerably charitable; that is, rather than be pestered with the importunities of a beggar, I throw him a penny. I am a regular attendant at church, and though I sometimes fall asleep during a long sermon, I do not scoff at the parson when I awake. I am not given to liquor,

except when oppressed with sorrow, which unfortunately is too often the case, and even then I am not quarrelsome. This last good quality some of my kind friends account for, by saying I am a coward ; but such an assertion, I assure the reader, is perfectly unfounded : and yet, though possessed of these, and numerous other negative qualifications, I am scorned, laughed at, depised, shunned, and made miserable, and all for what ? Because I have a nose ? “ A nose ! ” methinks I hear the reader exclaim, “ why so has every one.” Aye, reader, but mine is no common nose—would that it were. Didst thou ever read Shakspeare’s description of Bardolph, whose monstrous proboscis is compared to an ignis-fatuus ? If so, thou mayest form a faint idea of my most prominent feature, though no description can paint to thee my nose as it really is, decorated with its ruddy pimples and quizzical twists ; yet, heaven knows, its present appearance has not been caused by intemperance, or any other excess : it has “ grown with my growth, and strengthened with my

strength," until it has gained its now unseemly ponderosity.

I have no friend to whom I can impart my sorrows, and, therefore, reader, though thou art an utter stranger to me, I have made choice of thee for a confidant. Patient reader—if thou art not patient, throw aside this record of misery, for be assured I shall quickly put thy patience to the test—it may seem strange to thee why, and for what reason, a single feature should make me so unhappy: "bear with me yet a little longer," and I will pour into thine ear a tale, "whose lightest word shall harrow up thy soul." I am one of the most sensitive and bashful beings in the world, so that I cannot walk the streets without meeting with a host of vexations; and the most petty slight or insult will rankle in my memory for days and weeks. No one can take a hint sooner than myself; and if I am in company, which latterly happens but seldom, and an allusion of a disagreeable nature is made to any one, I examine it in all its bearings with painful nicety,

until I construe it as being applied to me. This unfortunate disposition has caused me endless uneasiness. If there be a whisper, I am instantly on the alert to catch its meaning, for I fancy myself and nose are the subjects of conversation, and consequently sit on thorns. I have heard of people being haunted by spectres, that make it a rule of regularly becoming visible at a certain hour of the night; but this amounts to nothing, when compared to the manner in which I am haunted by my nose. By night and by day, it is ever before my eyes, saluting me with its fearful length and redness. "Oh! for a long, long sleep, and so forget it!" Never do I walk forth, without being greeted by the vulgar, with some offensive appellations. Innumerable are the ill-natured names that have been heaped upon me by the lower class; of which "nosey" is the most common. Many a time have I hurried away, like a dog with a canister at his tail, when pestered by a group of graceless urchins, following and shouting after me; and when I have gained my

destination, I have cursed my nose, and wept out of pure vexation. The more respectable class do not express themselves so openly, but then their astonished looks, and significant smiles, speak daggers to me. Every step which I take, some wandering eye is fixed upon me, and so am I annoyed by these gazes, that my cheeks have generally a blush of as deep a crimson as that which tinges my nose, rendering me still more conspicuous. To add more to my distresses, I am remarkably fond of females, yet such is the peculiarity of my countenance, that I am entirely unfitted for their society. Wilt thou believe it reader? I was once desperately in love; aye, and I had the assurance to declare my passion, and as thou mayest suppose, was unsuccessful in my suit. If thou art not already tired with my prosing, I will relate to thee the progress and catastrophe of this unfortunate affair.

The only house at which I felt myself comfortable, was the dwelling of a young man who had been my schoolfellow, and who ever took my part,

and repressed the insults and tricks which my fellow-students were accustomed to play upon me, on account of the deformity of my face; for even when at school my nose was of an alarming dimension. My old school-fellow introduced me to his father and sisters, and though at first sight, it was difficult for them to restrain their risible faculties, at my grotesque appearance, they soon grew familiar with me; and as I am naturally good-tempered and obliging, I soon became a sort of favourite with the family. I was at first somewhat galled by the smothered titters, and ill-concealed mirth of the servants, when I entered the house; however, I was pretty liberal in my bounty to them, so that these marks of rudeness soon passed away. My friend had three sisters, and when in their company, I was often so charmed, that I forgot my nose, and all the taunts and uneasiness I had experienced on its account, and exerted myself to the utmost to please them in return. The young ladies were all lovely; but by far the most beautiful, in my eyes,

was the youngest, whose lively simplicity, and arch and expressive glances, made a complete conquest of my poor heart. Love stole upon me imperceptibly, and I was over head and ears, before I discovered my situation. Reader, didst thou ever feel a deep yet almost hopeless attachment? If not, thou canst have no idea of what I suffered. It was in vain that I endeavoured to reason myself out of my passion: every day it became stronger. I resolved to try what effect absence would produce upon me, and refrained from visiting my fair enslaver for the space of a week. At the end of that period, I was still worse, and found that I could hold out no longer. I, therefore, went to the house more frequently than ever, and at every visit drank large draughts of love. I at length resolved to brave all, and bring my amour to a crisis by revealing my sentiments. My nerves were braced to the extremest pitch, when I sallied forth to execute my purpose; and to increase my courage, I had fortified myself by swallowing a few extra glasses of port.

I walked into the house with a firm step, and just opportunely for my purpose, found my enchantress alone. This was the most eventful moment of my existence: I was kindly invited to take a chair, and encouraged by the bland manner in which the words were spoken, I drew my seat near her. A short time elapsed in exchanging common-place civilities, and as I was afraid of losing the precious opportunity, I cast an anxious look around the room, to be assured that there were no listeners, and then attempted to speak. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and denied me utterance; the chairs and tables seemed to be amusing themselves by dancing round the apartment; and my heart beat as though it were keeping time to their movements. This lasted for a few moments, and then I managed to stammer out my meaning; what I said, I know not; but this I know, I did express myself so as to become sufficiently intelligible, and no sooner had I finished my declaration, than my fair one rivetted her eyes on

my nose, and after striving to no purpose, to repress her mirth, burst into a long and loud fit of laughter, and ran from the room. Whether from the excess of my feelings I fainted ; or how I got out of the house, I am utterly at a loss to conceive. The first thing that I recollect is, finding myself in the street, walking at a terrible rate, without hat, and with a train of boys at my heels. I gained my door, rushed in, fancied my blood had attained such a heat, that it bubbled like boiling water, and threw myself, quite exhausted, on a couch.

My mistress and my nose were constantly before me, and my visions became of the most frightful description. Once I dreamt that my nose had been transformed into a rocket, had shot from my face, and set the bed-curtains on fire. In my eagerness to escape from the flames, I was on the point of jumping out of the window, when I awoke. Another time I dreamt that I had found favour in the sight of my mistress, and was preparing to greet her with a kiss, when

she assumed the shape of a demon; a pair of wings jutted from her shoulders, and seizing me by the nose, she sprung with me into the air, and alighting on the top of a steep precipice, plunged me into a dark and dread abyss: when I arrived at the bottom, the shock awoke me, and I found that I had leapt down stairs, and bruised myself in the most pitiful manner.

But why do I trouble thee, good reader, with my sorrows! why do I complain of that which cannot be remedied! I have consulted physicians innumerable, as to the means of removing this cursed protuberance from my face; I have rubbed it with all kinds of ointments; nay, I have even thought of getting it amputated, but this I am told would prove fatal. Poverty may be surmounted by perseverance and industry; ill-health may be got the better of: in short, for all other human evils there is a remedy, but a long nose will attend its owner to the grave. Pray, reader, that thou mayest never be cursed, like him who now obtrudes his nose and sufferings upon thy notice.

THE LITTLE SPRITE

My home is the home of a little sprite,
Which haunteth my presence by day and night ;
His voice hath a tone of the wildest glee,
Which comes o'er my heart like a witchery.
Scarce ever at rest—like the changeful air,
He frolics and gambols everywhere ;
Now, as a lamb, in the green meadows found ;
Now wantonly rolling on dusty ground ;
Now merry as wild-bird flitting along,
Mine ear he greets with a snatch of song ;
Now he has climb'd to forbidden shelf,
And he plays me a trick like a fairy elf,

And I turn to chide, and look wonderous wise,
But he laughs as he meets my angry eyes,
And I smile at his arch and joyful look,
As he shows me his prize—a pictur'd book.
With a face grotesque, and a scorn of time,
Like the painted imp of a pantomime,
No scene from his whims and freaks is free ;
His moods are as vane-like as moods can be,
As many as harlequin's suit hath dyes,
Or the hues of an arch of the showery skies.
And now, with a dwarfish sword and shield,
The carpetted floor is his mimic field ;
Now he beats a tattoo on the tiny drum ;
Now he dances about with a bee-like hum ;
Now he chases the top, or the slender hoop,
With a gleesome shout, and a merry whoop ;
Now tir'd with his noisy romp and play,
Toys are hurl'd with a careless hand away ;
Now mounted aloft on his little chair,
He uses his infant skill to rear
The painted cards in a structure light,
And marks its growth with an earnest sight ;

From the table upspring the paper walls—
 A cry of joy and the fabric falls :
 As the air-built mansions of men decay,
 And fade at the breath of their judgment away.

My darling boy, oh, my frolicsome sprite !
 Thou art dear as the captive's gleam of light ;
 As to storm-tost sailors the sight of land ;
 As a sinner sav'd to the angel band.
 No sorrow or boding fear hast thou,
 But glad and serene is thine open brow ;
 As the sparkling bubbles that float on wine,
 To thy lip springs up every thought of thine ;
 An echo art thou, for each trivial word,
 Which thy ear drinks in, from thy tongue is heard ;
 And questions ask'st thou, in simplicity,
 Which the wisest are puzzled to answer thee.
 May'st thou brightly and gaily through life
 pass on,
 As a mote through a beam of the mid-day sun ;
 May thy years be from sin and pollution free ;
 May no shadow of guilt ever rest on thee ;

May the attributes of thy heart and mind
Pass through every ordeal—pure, refin'd ;
And, oh, may death open the path to thee
Of a glorious immortality.

FORTUNE'S FROWNS

I know not why, mine only love, alas, I
 know not why
The dew that flows from sorrow's fount
 should gather in thine eye ;
'Tis true that thou art fallen now from
 high to low estate,
Yet not alone dwells joy with wealth,
 contentment with the great.

What though amid thine auburn locks
 no jewels glitter now,
What though no white and stately plume
 waves o'er thy whiter brow ;

Thou need'st not coronal nor plume thy
 loveliness to deck,
Nor pearls of snowy purity to wreath thy
 purer neck.

Oh! cold indeed must be his heart whom
 only wealth could move,
And surely thou would'st deem him all
 unworthy of thy love;
Although, with vow and smile, no more
 proud flatterers round thee press,
I will not boast—I only say I do
 not love thee less.

When in the gay and lighted hall, girt
 by a festive crowd,
Or at the banquet, when the sounds of
 revelry are loud,
Or where, whilst music fills the air, she
 glideth through the dance,
Then beauty, for a transient space, may
 well the soul entrance.

But 'twas not in the lighted hall, 'mid
 sounds of mirth and glee,
 That first I pour'd into thine ear my
 heart's deep love for thee :
 No eye beheld, no voice was heard—we
 breath'd our vows alone—
 In silence, and in solitude, love `ever
 builds his throne.

Like gaudy flowers that court the sun,
 and shrink when night comes on,
 The minions of thy brighter days at fortune's
 frowns have gone ;
 Mourn not for them, the faithless ones—
 thou yet may'st find that those
 Who shunn'd thee in thy day of pride, will
 cheer thee at its close.

Then let thy smile, love, chase the tear, as
 twilight's silver mist
 Is chas'd at morn, when sunny beams the
 dewy rose have kist ;

Thy grief is twofold in its birth—each tear,
 sweet girl, of thine,
Each sigh that heaves thy gentle breast an
 answer hath in mine.

It was not at the shrine of wealth that
 first I bent the knee—
I bow'd to beauty, not to gold ; and thou
 still liv'st for me :
Let narrow worldlings stand aloof, let
 pride and pomp depart ;
Whate'er thy lot, thou still shalt find
 one true and changeless heart.

PAST AND FUTURE

History may tell us of the vanish'd past,
Or chronicle the days now sweeping by ;
A gloomy shade is round the future cast,
Unsearch'd, unsearchable by mortal eye.

Forests have been where crowded cities rise,
And lift their domes and turrets in the air ;
And stars have faded from the far-off skies,
Passing away, no tongue may tell us where.

Rivers have rush'd where verdant islands bloom,
Shedding their perfume on the restless breeze ;
And beauteous lands have found a spacious tomb
Within the waters of the mighty seas.

Will heaven again shower down its dreadful ire,
And whelm the world beneath a watery grave ?
Or cast o'er all its bright consuming fire ?
A blazing sea from which no ark may save !

We know such things have been in by-gone years,
But o'er the coming darkness throws its pall ;
Our hopes may be in vain—in vain our fears,
Yes, our own fate is vain conjecture all.

We know not our own fate—why should we strive
With destiny, or wish its flag unfurl'd ?
Enough for us that now we breathe and live,
Yet know not when from life we may be hurl'd.

We know the rose of beauty will turn pale,
Wrinkles will gather on the fairest brow,
The light and bounding step of youth will fail,
And all must perish, blossoming below.

The destin'd path we have to tread conceal'd,
 How much of woe is hidden from our sight;
 While yet enough is to the mind reveal'd,
 To shape our course and guide our steps aright.

Nature's great secrets though we may not scan,
 We know how frail the tenure of our breath;
 We know the period to the race of man,
 And all the beings born of earth, is death.

The end of life is death—then let our aim
 Be fix'd on things beyond our earthly doom;
 Though dust return to dust, the soul may claim
 Its refuge then—its earliest, latest home!

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A SUICIDE

JUNE 9TH.—The sun is shining brightly, and the light and snowy clouds flit across the horizon, as heralds of his glory. The birds sing sweetly, as though they wooed the flowers, who lift their heads like young and beauteous maidens, smiling through tears, for their leaves are wet with the dews of morning. I have been confined in the dull and smoky town; it is long since I looked on "nature in her green array," and I feel a pleasure in this lonely place, that I might seek in vain amidst the noise and bustle of society. This is the very meadow in which I gambolled when a child, before the cares and coldness of

the world had withered the glad feelings of my heart. Recollections of other and happier days are with me. The landscape appears the same as ever — I alone am changed — the blue-bell gleams in the hedges, and the meadow seems like a green heaven, starred by the daisy and the cup of gold. Blessed time! when a simple flower was a treasure to me; when I chased the butterfly from blossom to blossom; and the hum of a bee, or the carol of a bird, came over my heart like a sound of sweetest melody. Can I look back to what I once was, without sighing to think of what I now am? I sicken when I look forward, for all my prospects of the future are gloomy ones.

JUNE 20TH.—If there be anything which can make life worth enduring, it is the devoted affection of a virtuous and beautiful woman. The only happy moments of my existence are those which I pass with Adelaide, and even these temporary dreams of bliss are sometimes broken by my unhappy temper. I have the most jealous of dispositions, and if we are in company, and

Adelaide bestows the least attention on any one besides myself, I am miserable. Excellent girl! I feel that I am unworthy of her. I visited her last night, and maddened by a supposed slight, I quarrelled with her—she wept—my passion was over—I felt that I had wronged her—I sued for pardon, and she forgave me. I am convinced that she loves me fervently, yet I can perceive that my settled despondency, and increased fretfulness, are the bane of her happiness. Would to God I could shake off the gloom that preys upon me—this utter lack of interest in the things which are sought after by other men! Would to God I could cease to give pain to the only being on earth whom I love, and by whom I am beloved!

JUNE 29TH.—I have been at a fashionable party. I have mingled with those who call themselves votaries of pleasure. Can it be possible that so many human beings spend the chief part of their lives in such frivolous amusements as I have just witnessed? I was disgusted with the

unmeaning jargon of the coxcombs who were around me. I found myself neglected and unnoticed; the females preferred the company of any forward puppy who had the art of talking nonsense, and I retired from the scene of folly, to nurse my hatred of the world in solitude and silence.

JULY 3RD.—I am unhappy; and why am I so! I possess the same means of procuring happiness as many whom I behold with the smile of gaiety almost continually on their faces. I was not born to mingle with men. That which gives pleasure to others, creates but an emotion of contempt in me at the insignificant minds which are the portion of the generality of mankind. Gracious heaven! how can a creature endowed with reason submit to go through the same unvaried round of things day after day—to consume his health and strength, for the mere privilege of walking and breathing in this world of sorrow? Surely it never was meant that man should rise in the morning, and toil through the blessed hours of

the sun, with no intermission to his labour, save the short space set apart that he may take in the necessary sustenance to enable him to continue his task. Surely so many millions were not placed on the earth for the purpose of performing the bidding, bowing low, and coming and going at the beck of the wealthy and the high-born; and yet it is so—the greater part of mankind are only allowed to eat, drink, and sleep, that they may labour with more vigour for the pampered few. All that I see and hear convinces me of the worthlessness of life.

JULY 21st.—'Tis past—the struggle is over—Adelaide, the only being in whose fate I felt an interest, is dead! I am now quite desolate and joyless in the world. She had been fading for some time—she wasted gradually and calmly away. With what agony did I mark the bloom depart from her cheek, and the brightness from her eye. She had become a perfect shadow of what she once was, yet she was beautiful to the last. They told me she was dying, but though

I saw every symptom of approaching dissolution, I could not think that she whom I clung to with such tenderness, she whose lips had so often been fondly pressed to mine, would be torn from me—no, no, I clasped her to my bosom, and I could not think she would shortly be insensible to my caresses. She died in my arms, and her last words blessed me. Seldom was I absent from the chamber of death—I sat gazing on her lifeless body for hours, as she lay in calm and fearful beauty. Sometimes I would start, and think she still lived and smiled upon me, for her features, even in death, had all their wonted sweetness, and she reposed like a sleeping child beguiled by blissful dreaming. Even this mournful pleasure was soon denied me—she was shut from my view, and deposited in the cold, cold grave. I saw her laid in the earth, and, oh, how I wished that I might share her dwelling, and be senseless and dead as she was. I shall soon have done with the noise and tumult of the world; I feel myself rapidly decaying—my hatred of life increases

— my blood is chilled, and creeps languidly through my veins, and my heart seems as though it were a mass of ice.

AUGUST 12TH.—Still do I live—still do I drag on a wretched existence. Ere this, I thought I should have ceased to be ; but the powers of life which a short time since seemed exhausted, are now strong as ever, I have wandered out when the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed, and I have wished that the blaze might consume me, or the bolt of heaven annihilate me. I have prayed for death, and it comes not. Strange ideas pass across my mind, and I have imagined that I was doomed to eternal misery—destined to exist for ever, and like the fabled wanderer of old, cursed with immortality. Why should I entertain these thoughts ? why should I linger in society, like a weed which destroys the flowers of joy that bloom in the path of others ? A poisoned draught—a ball—a plunge—fool ! I have not the courage.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.—I have rushed into the vortex

of dissipation; I have committed things which a rational being should blush at, and why have I done so? I know not. My passions are like the waters of ocean, dark and impetuous in their course. I am the victim of impulse: as the waves of the sea are chafed into a tempest by the blast, so am I at times impelled by a dread fatality to commit acts which, at other times, appear to me as the result of madness.

OCTOBER 1ST.—No one was ever more susceptible of female loveliness than myself; spite of the gloom which shrouds my heart, the sight of a beautiful woman will for a moment light it up with admiration. This, instead of decreasing, adds to my misery; no sooner has the fair creature passed away, than my soul becomes, if possible, darker than before, for I am the more reminded of my own loneliness.

NOVEMBER 22ND.—Extraordinary as it may seem, I am again deeply in love—I have declared my passion and am a successful wooer. Maria S——, the interesting, the gentle Maria, will

soon be my own, and I may yet be happy. I saw her at the house of a friend, and was struck by her resemblance to Adelaide. She has the same mild blue eyes, the same delicate and expressive features, and the same bashful and retiring demeanour. When I think of the circumstances attendant on our brief wooing, I almost consider it all a dream, so exquisite however, that I am afraid to reflect, lest I should wake to a sad reality. I can scarcely deem it possible, that such a melancholy and discontented creature as myself, should have won the affections of one so fair and sinless as she whose young heart throbs with transport when I approach, and who strives to dissipate the despondency of my spirits, by her own innocent gaiety.

DECEMBER 30TH.—I have deceived myself—love and happiness are to me indeed a dream. I am like a dark and ruined pile, to which the verdure of the ivy may impart an outward appearance of freshness, but cannot chase the dreary loneliness that dwells within. Maria has ceased

to waken in my breast a passion corresponding with her own, and I feel a listless indifference towards her. My love, compared to that which animates the bosoms of other men, has been like the comet, which, though it may for awhile eclipse with its dazzling light, the ever-burning stars, soon passes, and leaves the space it has shone on, gloomy as before. I have gone too far to retract; in haste to secure that which I thought would constitute my bliss, I set on foot preparations for our union; Maria's bridal robe is already finished, and I stand pledged in the eyes of her family; if I break that pledge, scorn and disgrace will be my portion. How shall I act? If the ceremony take place, such is my disposition, that my indifference may become hatred, and I shall destroy for ever the peace and hopes of a lovely girl. One course alone will enable me to prevent it—it must, and shall be taken.

DECEMBER 31ST.—I have been, as a vessel, long tossed on the waves of worldly strife—rage on, ye billows!—I leave the storm and the tempest

behind, for my pilot is death, and my haven is the grave. I have chosen a strange time to execute my purpose: it is the dying hour of the year, and in a few short minutes we shall both be no more. Many sweet remembrances will be blended with the recollections of the departed year, but for me—no matter. The poisoned goblet is before me—my hand is firm and steady—I raise the draught of death to my lips—the potion is swallowed! What sound is that which swells upon the breeze? it is the merry peal of the bells, and they bring joy even to me, for they ring my knell. This deed may be termed madness—perchance it is so—yet my mind feels calmer now than ever, and I welcome death, as the drowsy waker welcomes sleep. The poison has commenced its work—there is a swelling and burning at my heart—my fingers refuse to guide my pen—I shall soon be——



THE LADY OF MY HEART

My love is like a sweet young flower;
That shrinketh from the eye ;
My love is like a beauteous star,
That trembleth in the sky :
My love is fair, yet she doth fear
That other eyes should see
The loveliness she would reveal
To me, and only me.

I breathe her name in solitude,
And not in haunts of men ;
I muse on her when none are nigh,
In lone and shadowy glen ;

I even fear the very breeze
 My secret love should share ;
I even fear to breathe her name
 Unto the sighing air.

We roam at eve by silver streams,
 We shun the glare of day—
Oh, eyes and cheeks look lovelier far,
 When viewed by twilight gray.
We wander 'neath the golden stars,
 I look on the blue sky,
Then turn away from heaven to earth,
 And gaze upon her eye.

We seat ourselves on some green mound,
 And dream of times of old,
Of minstrel's lays, and lady-love,
 Of page, and warrior bold ;
We speak of pilgrim bow'd with age,
 Who sought some lady bright,
Then casting off his years and weeds,
 Reveal'd her own true knight.

I tell some legend of the days
 When gallants broke the lance,
 And fought and bled on warlike field,
 For one approving glance ;
 And when is told the high-wrought tale
 Of deeds beheld no more,
 She smiles, and says " Oh, love we not
 As well as they of yore ?"

I lov'd her long, but dar'd not hope
 That I her love had won ;
 Yet she that blest my dreams by night,
 I waking could not shun :
 I stole one even near her bower,
 Where I might stand unseen,
 And saw the image of my heart,
 ' Mid flowers and branches green.

She knelt, with uprais'd eyes and hands,
 Like some enchanted dame,
 And, whispering low, in words of love
 She syllabled my name ;

I stood entranc'd, nor spoke nor mov'd,
A statue rooted there,
Gazing with wilder'd soul on her,
The maid who knelt in prayer.

The honey-bee was hastening home,
With perfume from the flower,
But sighs more sweet were breath'd for me,
Within that lonely bower :
A moment, and our lips had met—
The bright moon saw us part,
And heard me vow to love till death
The lady of my heart.

SERENADE

Oh, Marian! Marian! think of the hour!
Night throws her veil on the tree and the flower,
But affection's pale beacon, the moon is above,
And yet thou art sleeping, oh, Marian, my love!

Oh, Marian! come from thy chamber of rest,
For the queen of the stars is enthron'd in the west,
And, under the window that looks on the grove,
I wait for thy coming, oh, Marian, my love!

Roses are sparkling with dew silver-bright,
Violets are breathing their sweets to the night;
Then wake, oh, awake, that thy lover may prove
His true heart's devotion, oh, Marian, my love!

Rise, dearest, arise ! and thy casement uncloze,
Let me look on that cheek, like the leaf of the
rose ;

All around, sweet, is silence, below and above,
Save my voice as it calls thee, oh, Marian,
my love !

Oh bliss ! now I see, by the moon's witching light,
That fair form approaching, so dear to my sight :
Haste ! haste ! the slight casement that shrouds
thee remove,
And appear in thy beauty, oh, Marian, my love !

LOVERS' TOKENS

Take back the tokens of thy love,
Since change is with thy heart ;
I need not say how long I strove,
Ere I with them could part,
Yet why should I retain a token
Of her whose faith and vows are broken ?

Take back each fondly-cherish'd scroll,
Fill'd with sweet thoughts of thine—
With eager eye and raptur'd soul,
I've dwelt on every line :
I could not bear to look on now
The record of each broken vow.

My heart is not a woman's heart,
And if I do not weep,
Think'st thou I mourn not thus to part?—
My grief is all too deep :
Calmly the deepest waters flow,
Though many a grave doth lurk below.

I have not sought thee to reprove
Thy young heart's fickleness,
I do not say I spurn thy love—
No, still I can but bless ;
I could not doom unto the flame
These records, for they bore thy name.

I sought thee not to tell thee how
I've sorrow'd—'tis my fate,
And grief is vain and fruitless now,
Thou'rt false, I desolate ;
Thou still wilt laugh 'mid gay and fair,
Whilst I shall pine in lone despair.

I sought thee but once more to gaze
 On her I've lov'd so true;
 Once more to dream of other days,
 And bid a last adieu:
 'Tis past—my task is done—we sever,
 And thou and I are twain for ever.

A FIDDLER'S DREAM

When the power of slumber lies
On the senses, on the eyes,
Deeds ne'er seen by waking sight,
Pass before the dreaming wight:
Forms fantastic, fancy brings,
Giving life to lifeless things;
And the dreamer heareth word
Which no other ear hath heard,
Till, by touch or sound alarm'd,
He by spell no more is charm'd.

It was in the winter of the year '18——, when the whim of learning the art of fiddling came into my head. After searching all the second-hand music shops in the town, I at length fixed my attention on an instrument which the vendor assured me was even BETTER than when it was new. I drew the bow several times across it, and

appeared to listen to its sound with all the skill of a consummate connoisseur in violins. Of course I found fault with it, in order to lower the price, which the seller of music had fixed at the ENORMOUS sum of fifteen shillings. With a good deal of higgling I placed fourteen shillings and sixpence on the counter, declaring that, rather than give more, I would depart without the fiddle. The money was swept into the drawer with seeming reluctance, and I marched off with the prize under my arm. Whilst within sight of the shop, I walked leisurely enough, but, the moment I thought myself free from observation, I hurried on with as much celerity and delight as a child returning from a fair with a new toy, which it is all impatience to exhibit before its playmates. When I gained my home, having previously purchased a note-book, I began my studies, with all the eagerness with which people usually enter upon a fresh pursuit; it always being a hundred chances to one against their obtaining any degree of perfection. In a short time by dint of

constantly annoying the ears of all my kindred, I produced a something between harmony and discord—I must confess it was rather inclining towards the latter—that, to me, sounded like “God save the king,” though no doubt to any one else, it would have seemed as unlike that air as it was to the hunting-chorus in “Der Freischutz.” One dull night after having thrummed away for several hours, I fell into a sound slumber. The subject of my waking thoughts took possession of my dreams, and you may easily imagine my surprise on seeing the fiddle raise itself erect, and after bowing politely, address me in the following terms, with rather a harsh voice, that varied, however, as the subject required, from the lowest bass to the acutest treble:—

“It will appear strange to you, who have been brought up in the belief that fiddles are destitute both of sense and feeling, to hear me address you in a somewhat rational discourse. Before I commence a brief outline of my history, allow me to ask you whether it is not almost impossible for

those of your own species to affect the passions of others without being in some degree, affected themselves; and, to reason from analogy—I know you will be sceptical—what is more capable of exciting emotion than a fiddle? and why should not we ourselves feel a part of that emotion we excite in others?—but to my tale.

“I cannot give you an account of my parentage, for, alas! our race are outcasts from the first period of existence; we are sold to servitude, torn from our fellows, and abandoned by our maker. Suffice it to say, my first master was major-domo of a theatrical orchestra; and the time I passed in his service I account the most glorious part of my life. My abilities were displayed amidst the beauteous and the gay, the dazzling brilliancy of lamps, and the magic splendour of scenery. I assumed as much superiority over my fellow-fiddles as my master did over his companions; and my voice was always the loudest and most distinct. Sometimes I went through a solo, to the delight and astonishment of the whole house;

and even when acting in concert with the rest, I was always listened to with more attention than any other, and all my acquaintances looked upon me as a fiddle of first-rate genius, each paying the greatest deference to my opinion. This course was too pleasant to last long. By one of those unforeseen strokes of destiny so prevalent in human affairs, my master was suddenly thrown out of his situation, and after several unsuccessful attempts to gain another, was obliged to part with me, in order to procure him the necessary means of subsistence, and accordingly, with tears in his eyes, he did so. It is impossible to paint the grief I felt on finding myself in a second-hand music-shop, hung amongst a crowd of unfortunates like myself; some indeed, were so superannuated as to be entirely unfit for any respectable service, whilst most of them had been hurled down in the height of their pride: and thus it is with life—it opens with promise and gladness, and is too often followed by blight and sorrow. I do not know how long I remained in this abject state,

for I became utterly indifferent to all that was passing around me, and I found my constitution and faculties rapidly decaying. My fibres were relaxed, some of my screws were lost, my bridge was broken, and I began to feel all the symptoms of an early dissolution, when I was purchased by a dancing-master, who, with a good deal of labour, restored me to almost all my pristine vigour. Still in my prime, it was with no small share of pleasure that I found myself rescued from oblivion, and my talents again admired by the lovers of harmony. I soon grew as much attached to my second master as I had been to my first. Generally surrounded by a happy band of sweet creatures tripping to my music, my new duties were of the most pleasing nature. However, I was doomed to be unfortunate; at the expiration of twelve or thirteen months, my master contrived to hop off with one of his female pupils, who was heiress to twenty thousand pounds. No sooner did he gain possession of his wife's fortune, than I was sold, as an article for which

he had no further use. Here, were I of a censorious disposition, I might rail against the ingratitude of man, who no sooner arrives at wealth and affluence, than he casts off the companions of his less prosperous days; but I know enough of the world to be aware that the complaints and revilings of the helpless are seldom, if ever, attended with any result except that of producing contempt. From this time my life has been a continued succession of misfortunes. I will not tire your patience by describing the low scenes I was witness to whilst in the services of a common tap-room fiddler, and a ballad-singer, for they chiefly consisted of pictures of human degradation and vulgar inebriety, which I, though reputed to be bereft of reason, could not avoid beholding with loathing and disgust. Nothing can equal the tortures I have felt from the scraping of fiddling students, all commencing with as much eagerness as yourself, and all in the course of a few weeks throwing me aside. But I will no longer protract a worthless existence — my

resolution is fixed—nay, hold me not—you strive in vain to divert me from my purpose—thus will I put a period to my sufferings.

Here the fiddle, in a paroxysm of grief and despair, precipitated itself from the table, and was shivered to pieces. The noise of its fall awoke me, and I found that in my efforts to save it, I had actually dashed it to the ground, where it lay a mere wreck of its former self. Thus ended my dream, and my propensity for fiddling.

I SIT BESIDE HER IN THE HALL

I sit beside her in the hall,
I gaze upon her face,
And while she sweetly smiles on all,
No smile for me I trace ;
I seek the presence I should shun—
Alas, how hard his lot,
Who cannot choose but cling to one
Who heeds, who loves him not.

I breath'd my passion in her ear,
With fervent look and word,
And as I spoke 'mid hope and fear,
Unmov'd my tale she heard ;

And then she told, with alter'd look,
 That all must be forgot —
 Her chilling glance I could not brook—
 Alas, she lov'd me not.

I dreamt of her at dead of night,
 Her lips to mine seem'd prest,
 My soul was fill'd with love's own light,
 I clasp'd her to my breast;
 I ask'd if she would be my bride,
 And bless'd my happy lot,
 But when we reach'd the altar's side,
 She said she lov'd me not.

I do not blame her just decree,
 Tis meet that we should part,
 No ray of hope remains for me —
 Another claims her heart;
 Yet still I linger where she dwells,
 I cannot quit the spot,
 Though all I see and hear but tells
 She heeds, she loves me not.

THE RUINED MAN

With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,
And said, "Is this thy faith?"

SHELLEY.

We dashed rapidly along the well-paved streets of the metropolis; the lamps shone brightly, and the windows of the shops sent forth streams of clear and dazzling light. It was a cold winter night. The pale moon, and the trembling stars gleamed above us, and what with the splendour of the ever-burning orbs of heaven, and the mimic stars of earth, a radiance was shed over the scene, which made the glorious city appear to me a place

of gladness and rejoicing. Crowds of people were hurrying through the streets, all apparently intent on business of emergency ; and the emporiums of commerce, the magnificent buildings, and the stately domes, which every where greeted me, forced me to exclaim——“ Can this famed and beautiful London be the abode of want, and the habitation of wretchedness ? can squalid misery and lean starvation here find an abiding place ? — surely not.” Thus do we reason, when we look on the surface of things—when we content ourselves with what is presented to casual observation. Alas, how deceitful are external appearances ! Many a countenance has a glad and smiling look, whilst the heart of its owner is bursting with hidden sorrow — we gaze on the diamond with admiration, and think not of the toil and suffering which have given to it its beauty — the stream flashes onwards with a pleasant murmur, we dream not that death lies hidden beneath its waters.

The mail stopped, and my delusion faded away. A host of wretched beings pressed round the

passengers, anxious to earn a trifling pittance, by carrying away their luggage. There was one man who stood aloof from the rest; he thrust not himself forward to offer his services, yet his eye followed, with a longing and envious gaze, those who had succeeded in procuring employment. I pushed aside his more obtrusive companions, and proposed that he should bear away my trunk. He eagerly accepted my offer, and walked on before me with his burden. We had not proceeded many yards ere I perceived that his strength was unequal to the task he had undertaken; his steps began to totter under his load; he staggered and fell at full length on the pavement. I conveyed him to a neighbouring tavern, where he remained for some time in a sort of stupor. Never shall I forget his famine-stricken appearance. He could not be thirty years of age, and his clothes, which had evidently seen better days, hung in rags about his attenuated frame. His features were almost absolutely fleshless, and his eyes seemed as though starting from their sockets. By degrees his senses

returned; he gazed wildly around him, and endeavoured to speak, but his voice was inaudible. With difficulty we distinguished the word "food." I procured him some provisions; he seized them with avidity, and devoured them with the most greedy voracity. When he had finished his meal, he observed my eyes bent on him in astonishment. "I had not tasted food for three days," he muttered, and burst into tears. Before I left the house, I gave directions that every care should be taken of the unfortunate being, and proper nourishment given to him. To ensure the fulfilment of my orders, I deposited my purse in the hands of the landlord.

I visited the man, on the following day, and found him confined to his bed from debility and disease. In conversation he displayed much knowledge and intelligence; his language was elegant and refined, and the more I conversed with him, the more I was astonished, when I thought of the low and degraded state in which I had found him. He continued to grow daily worse; medicine had

no effect on him, and the physician, whom I had engaged to attend him, assured me that it was impossible he could recover. His constitution was completely worn out. I often requested him to inform me what had reduced him to the state of poverty in which I beheld him. At first he evaded my questions, but a few days previous to his death—for he died in the retreat I had provided him—he consented to relate to me a portion of the events of his life. His tale made at the time a strong impression on me, and when I left him I committed it to paper. It was as follows.

“I was born in affluence—you see how I am about to die. No matter. You have been kind to me, and I have not the means of repaying you. You wish me to relate to you the particulars of my fall from wealth to poverty, and I will endeavour to obey you; yet even from you I must conceal my name, for I would not that they who once called themselves my friends, should possess a clue to

lead them to a knowledge as to how I died. When I am dead, inscribe on my coffin only these words —“ A Ruined Man”—deposit me in some lonely burial ground, and let me rot in obscurity.

My parents were rich, and I was brought up in indolence and luxury. I was liberally educated, and reading was one of my greatest delights. My favourite playmate was a beautiful girl, who was also the child of wealthy parents. We played, read, danced, and sang together, until we grew too old to indulge in the familiarities of childhood. Our respective mothers suddenly fancied that there was something improper in our being so frequently in each other's company, and they therefore, read us separate lectures on the subject. Suddenly, too, our own feelings underwent a change. I no longer kissed the lips of my playmate with the same careless freedom as formerly, and, in fact, she now began to repel such freedoms, with a face crimsoned with blushes. This all seemed to me mighty odd, and I was rather at a loss to account for it. I felt quite tremulous if

any one mentioned her name, and this was a sensation which until lately I had been a stranger to. I knew a little of drawing, and one day in sport I had sketched her likeness ; this had been thrown aside, but I now sought it out, and regarded it as a treasure. Since I was debarred from kissing the original, I took a fancy for kissing the likeness. This state of things could not last long. Something besides friendship must be at the bottom of this, thought I ; so I began to ruminate, and after a few hours meditation, discovered that I was over head and ears in love. Big with this discovery, I sought my former playmate, and communicated to her the result of my ruminations. It needed not any great degree of rhetoric to convince her of the important fact, and accordingly, from that time, we were sworn lovers. This happened in my sixteenth year—my mistress had not reached fifteen. Our intercourse now daily grew of a more tender nature ; when we were only friends we loved to roam over sunny hills and vales, chasing butterflies, or gathering wild roses,

and this we then thought the height of enjoyment; but we now had joys and delights of a different character. We loved to wander in the moonlight, to stray by murmuring streams, to listen to nightingales, and praise the beauty of the stars. We now were enamoured of silence, though formerly our tongues were constantly in motion; and we sometimes sat for hours gazing in each other's eyes, intensely happy, yet fearful of speaking, lest words should break the spell that bound us. I took a pleasure in disfiguring trees with the initials of her name, and sat up at nights writing sonnets on her loveliness, wherein I almost exhausted nature's calendar, to find comparisons for her charms. Thus ran the world away until I was about nineteen. My mistress was then taken from me to be introduced amongst the circles of fashion, and exhibit her beauty in town, as all well-bred young ladies are expected to do. Vows were exchanged, and tears were shed on both sides; however the decree for our separation was passed, and neither vows nor tears had power to alter it.

The carriage rolled up to the gate, my mistress stepped into it, the horses swept on, and I stood gazing towards the route of the vehicle long after the white hand and waving handkerchief of her I loved had vanished from my view. I dried my eyes, heaved a deep sigh, and returned with a heavy heart to my father's house. I shut myself in my chamber, and wrote a poem on the subject. I could not for several days eat at meal times, and I was only happy when asleep, for I saw my mistress in my dreams.

My father wished me to make choice of a profession, and I was at a loss what to choose. I was not knave enough for a lawyer, hypocrite enough for a parson, or pragmatist enough for a physician, besides I should be sufficiently rich to live in idleness; but my father's will was absolute, and he had decided that all young gentlemen should have a profession, so I was compelled to make up my mind to be something or other. I made choice of a soldier's life, partly because I thought a red coat would become me, and partly

because I had an ardent love for my king and country, and should have liked nothing better than to defeat their foes. My father purchased me a commission, and my regiment was shortly afterwards ordered abroad to join in the campaigns of the Peninsula.

I went up to town before I left England, to see my mistress, and to assure her of my fidelity. I found her seated in a fashionable drawing-room, surrounded by a group of well-dressed young men, who all seemed candidates for her smiles. I could scarcely think it possible that twelve months should have effected so great a change in her. She was tastefully and elegantly attired, and dispensed her favours with an easy and aristocratic air that perfectly surprised me. I should have hesitated to approach her, but no sooner did the servant announce my name than she started from the languid attitude in which she sat, and ran towards me with a frank expression of joy on her countenance that assured me her heart was still my own. I conducted her to her seat, and took

my place by her side. The crowd of flatterers finding themselves now unnoticed soon slunk away. She presented me with a beautiful ivory miniature of herself, and promised to write to me often. Again we parted, and I left England with a light heart.

Every incident connected with the behaviour of our troops in the memorable Peninsular campaigns has been laid before the public, and I do not mean to trouble you with any repetitions. I will not boast of my own conduct; I shall merely say I did my duty, and obtained promotion. My mistress kept her promise of often writing to me, and the perusal of her letters was my chief source of delight. My military duties were of short duration. Ere I had attained my twenty-first year, my father died, and my presence was required at home. I returned, was warmly welcomed by my first love, sold my commission, and took possession of my estate.

I now commenced my career as a man of fashion, and attended my mistress to balls, concerts,

and parties innumerable. We went through an eternal round of visiting, waltzing, quadrilling and singing. Preparations were set on foot for our marriage. I sold my estate in the country, to purchase another which was more to my taste. The title deeds to the property were prepared, and a day was fixed for their execution and the payment of the purchase money. I was seated by my mistress, at a party held by a lady of birth, speaking of the wedding dress which was intended to grace my future bride, when a note was delivered to me by a servant. I was going to thrust it into my pocket without looking at the contents, but the words "Read it immediately" met my eye on the outside, and apologizing to my mistress, I broke the seal. I saw the import of the communication at a glance—it was to inform me that a rumour was in circulation that the bankers in whose hands my whole fortune was lodged, had stopped payment. I sat for a moment motionless as a statue, then the room appeared to whirl round with me; I felt almost suffocated, and large drops

of perspiration burst from my forehead. I uttered some indistinct words, seized my hat, and rushed from the house. Oh, ill luck flies apace — the news was true, and I was a beggar!

The next day I called at the abode of my mistress, but my progress was checked by a servant, who coldly repeated "Not at home," though I knew the fellow lied, and I had previously been a welcome visitor at all hours. This was even a greater shock than my loss of fortune. I thought I had known her heart too well; I had deemed that if all the world besides looked coldly on me, she would be unchanged. It was not so; I was a bankrupt both in love and fortune. I sought my lonely home, and retired to my chamber, muttering curses on her perfidy. I took from my bosom her long-cherished miniature, and dashed it to atoms.

I succeeded in rescuing a few thousands from the wreck of my wealth, but it mattered not — the restoration of all would have availed not now. I had trusted in woman, and had been deceived —

fool!—woman's faith—write it on the waves of ocean. My mother was dead, and I felt glad that she had not lived to witness my fall. I sought the gaming-table, as a relief from my mind's anguish. I played recklessly, and my thousands were soon diminished to hundreds. I drowned the remembrance of my losses in wine, and thus my days were spent in dissipation, and my nights in gaming. I was to sink still lower. It was said my mistress was to marry a baronet, a fool, but wealthy. In an obscure part of the church I witnessed unseen the ceremony, for I was determined to let my eyes avouch the cursed fact. I saw it, and I vowed revenge; I cared for nought, would stick at nought—no, not even MURDER. I furnished myself with a pistol, and stopped the carriage of my rival on his wedding-night. I would have discharged my weapon at his head, but it missed fire. I regretted I had not another. I was seized but my MERCIFUL rival would not urge my committal for the crime; he simply accused me of madness, and caused me

to be confined in a hospital for idiots. Here, the brooding over my miserable fate, and the horrid sights and sounds I saw and heard, drove me really, desperately mad. I made the whole building echo with my howls. Stripes and chains were my daily portion. When I became too weak to indulge in those paroxysms, I was discharged.

Where to go I knew not. All shunned me, all avoided my path; they were right—why should they not? I was a ruined, friendless, miserable being, blighted in my hopes, broken in health and spirit, and destitute of a penny wherewith to buy a morsel of food. They were right to shun me then, for “what advantage could they hope from me?” For a day and night I was without sustenance, and that day and night I spent near the dwellings of those who had known me in other times, and bitterly did I smile to see them pass by me without deigning to cast a glance on the starving beggar. The second day I directed my steps towards the abode of my false mistress. I had not lingered long near it when I

saw her husband, the hated destroyer of my reason, come into the street. My heart bounded with revived hope. I tracked his steps until we reached a lonely spot. I then sprung upon him—I saw he knew me not—I breathed my name in his ear. “Am I mad?” I said,—“if I am, who made me so? Villain, the curse of my madness be upon thee!” I grasped him convulsively by the throat. He called aloud for help, and consigned me to a prison—not because I had attempted his destruction, but because I was homeless and a beggar.

During my misery and my madness, I had never parted with the letters which I had received, when abroad, from my mistress. I always bore them about my person, for I felt a wild delight in thinking that so abject a thing as myself possessed tokens of love, and words of burning affection inscribed by the hand of a proud and well-born beauty. I now prevailed on my gaoler to forward to the faithless woman a packet containing the memorials of her guilt. I told her that I had

been mad, that I was now the inmate of a prison, and the companion of felons. I told her that I exulted in my degradation, for she had been its author and the vengeance of heaven would crush her for it. I bid her read the damned scrolls I sent her, in the brilliance of a luxurious drawing-room, to her titled husband, and tell him that he to whom she once plighted her faith was the mate of the vilest criminals, the tenant of a dark and loathsome cell—PLACED THERE BY HIM.

She procured my release, and when my dungeon-gates opened for me, the keeper deposited a purse of gold in my hands, the produce of her bounty. I took the money—I was without a coin or a friend in the world—I knew not where to get a morsel of bread; but I hastened towards a river, with the vile dross in my hand, and cast it into the water. I would starve, die, perish in the public streets, rather than exist on HER CHARITY. Thus did I live for three days, unsheltered by a roof, and without food; but, oh, nought subdues the soul like hunger—none but a wretch like

me can conceive the craving, the gnawing agony of a famishing man. You saw me—you offered me the means of relief, and nature triumphed—I accepted your offer, you know the rest—I am now what you see me, an outcast dying in an obscure tavern, my very bed of death furnished by a stranger.

THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES THE SECOND

A high born and a beauteous crowd
Fills balcony and tower,
To look upon the gay and proud,
On England's banish'd flower ;
Strange sounds of joy are on the air,
And many a plighted maiden fair,
With throbbing heart and smother'd sigh,
Gazes with an expectant eye,
And waits for him to her most dear,
Her brave and courtly cavalier.

Banners are streaming to the breeze,
And brazen trumpets ring,
And shouts—yet not alone of these
Thinks the returning king :

His thoughts are straying from the scene,
 From what IS NOW to what HATH BEEN;
 When death hung o'er the royal head,
 And far from throne and home he fled,
 His sceptre but a broken brand,
 A rebel ruler o'er the land!

And where is he whose arm of might
 Rul'd with an iron sway?
 Gone like a troubled dream of night
 Before th' approach of day;
 The feeble heir he leaves behind,
 Reft of his father's giant mind,
 Lost, dead to glory and to fame,
 Inherits but his father's name:
 Like a small water's hidden course,
 Obscure, though ocean be its source.

They come, they come, a noble throng,
 The loyal and the true,
 And now the monarch glides along,
 Girt by his chosen few:

But many eyes will look in vain
To find, amid that splendid train,
The kindred forms that left their home,
With banish'd royalty to roam,
That clung to him they could not save,
Their recompense—an exile's grave!

Spring-buds on every path are strew'd,
A sweet and lovely group,
As virgins brought from solitude,
In the world's gaze to droop;
And prancing chargers paw the ground,
Scattering those pale young blossoms round,
And snowy plumes are fluttering by,
Pure as the white clouds of the sky;
And nod, and smile, and wave of hand,
Are welcoming that joyous band.

All, all is bright and glorious now,
No traces of the past;
But thus it is with all below,
Where nought is doom'd to last:

One moment dark, the next all bright—
 Alternate bloom, alternate blight;
 The son of sire struck headless down,
 Now call'd from banishment to crown:
 A fitting type of human state,
 Sad record of a monarch's fate!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY

The star we gaze on, from our sight may fade,
The loveliest flower be blighted and decay'd,
The joyous fawn may perish in its glee,
The dove be stricken in its wanderings free.

Weep, beauty, weep ! thy fairest form hath fled ;
Mourn, Virtue, mourn ; thy favourite child is
dead ;

Weep ye for innocence, weep ye for truth,
Mourn ye for loveliness, mourn ye for youth.

Sleep, gentle girl, WHY should we MOURN thy
doom ?

WHY WEEP to lay thee in the silent tomb !
Vain are our tears, vainly do we repine—
Grief still is ours, but happiness is thine !

Sweet saint ! yes, gone from earth, such is thy
fate,

Whilst here we linger, sad and desolate ;
FRAIL are the things that claim our earthly
love—

Thy joys are LASTING in thy home above.

Oh ! never ! never ! did a brighter form
Seek the cold dwelling of the loathsome worm !
Resign'd and pure—when pass'd thy last faint
breath,

A sinless virgin sought the arms of death !

The household group assemble round the hearth,
Where late uprose the sound of laughing mirth ;
And thou art wanting, with thy voice so glad—
Thy kindred miss thee, and their hearts are sad.

Full many a tear hath dimm'd thy mother's eye,
That thou the young and dearly lov'd should die ;
And droop'd in woe the spirit of thy sire,
To see the daughter of his hope expire.

Thy sister, too, the fair and graceful one,
Long will she miss thee, long in musings lone,
Think of the form that by her side did stray,—
The good, the beautiful, the kind, the gay!

CANZONET

There is a place where the forest boughs
 Bend down to a quiet stream,
And, so lovely it looks in its bright repose,
 That it seems as 'twere wrapt in dream;
The water-lily uplifts its head
 In that sweet and pleasant home,
Like a living pearl in a silver bed,
 Or a bell of the wave's white foam;
There comes not a sound on the passing air,
 Save the young bird's cheerful call—
Beloved one! wilt thou meet me there,
 When the shadows of even fall.

There is a bower in that peaceful spot,
Which some fond hand hath wrought,
Where the feet of the worldling enter not,
Sacred to love and thought ;
Full many fair flowers beside it sigh,
And the myrtle around it creeps,
The breeze becomes sweet as it floateth by,
And the bee in its roses sleeps ;
The stars alone will our secrets share,
Unseen and unheard by all,
Beloved one ! wilt thou meet me there,
When the shadows of even fall ?

MEDITATIONS ON AN OLD HAT

Talk not to me of the rewards attendant upon long attachments, and the gratitude awaiting those who have served faithfully ; I boldly assert that all, or almost all, are glad to get rid of an old servant, and supply the vacancy with a new one. In support of my assertion, I ask, what object is universally more dreaded or despised than an old hat ? and, on the contrary, what is more treasured and honoured than a new one ? A new hat is carefully preserved from the “ pelting of the pitiless storm ;” yea, even a gloomy cloud will drive its owner into the nearest shelter, in order to keep its sleek covering and glossy hue from being

tainted by a single spot ; and, when its master, at last, reaches his home, how tenderly does he brush it with the sleeve of his coat ! With what an eye of minute curiosity does he examine its every part, to see whether it has sustained the slightest injury ; and when, with a glad heart, he finds it still faultless, how carefully does he place it in its paper tenement ! Alas ! how different is the fate of an OLD hat ! After having, in its plenitude of youth and beauty, served as a shield and guardian to the temple of the mind ; after having, perchance, by adding its strength to the thickness of its master's skull, preserved him from the attack of some midnight ruffian ; after having protected and saved him harmless from the blows of the drunken brawl, and the descending staves of the policemen ; after having, by its shining and fashionable appearance, gained him admittance into the gayest circles of society—I say, after having performed these, and numberless other pieces of service, equally important, when falling to decay, abroad it is exposed by its ungrateful master to

all the inclemencies of the seasons—to the rain, the blast, or the snow ; and at home it is thrown carelessly aside, and obliged to yield to the rude kicks and buffets of unfeeling servants. Nay, sometimes, when its place has been occupied by a spruce rival, it is forced again to appear on duty, and exercise its functions throughout the dreariness of a rainy day, while the new comer glides on and basks amidst the sun-shine and gladness of blue skies.

A man, with an old hat, steals along, in the broad light of day, almost like an escaped convict, afraid of being recognised ; and would, if possible, never quit his own walls, except shrouded by the murky night, that concealer of threadbare garments, and cloak of evil practices. A friend or acquaintance, on the opposite side of the street, he pretends not to see, for fear he should be seen in return, and have to cross to him, when all attempts to conceal the defects of his upper covering he well knows would be in vain. If a titter be heard in the street, while he is passing, he dares

not turn his head either to the one side or the other, for he believes it to be at the expense of his hat, and consequently with a face glowing with the ruby tint of shame and vexation, he quickens his pace, muttering a curse on the supposed object of ridicule. All the pretty females, with whom he is intimate, he shuns, as though they were his mortal foes, and would rather go a mile out of his road than run the risk of meeting one of them. Though, when his "old hat was new," he was the most gallant of men, he now dares venture nothing more, at furthest, than a side-long glance at the sweet forms and faces that pass over this lower world, like earthly comets, lighting all susceptible hearts with the blaze of passion. If he enter an inn, almost before he has passed the door, his hat is in his hand; not through his extraordinary politeness, but merely to hide it from observing eyes; he next looks around the room for a retired corner, or dark nook, and, if he can find one obscure enough, there the hat is deposited, but he would rather

place it UNDER the table than ON it. He has generally met with some illiberal remark from the vulgar, or some slight from a ci-devant friend; therefore, if he has, by any means an opportunity (and he will, on no account let an occasion slip) he rails at the ignorance of the lower orders, and the pride of upstarts; then he forces a laugh at the folly of being influenced by exterior appearances, and, casting an anxious look to the corner where is deposited the article that has occasioned this discourse, he sips his malt liquor, with something of satisfaction at having thus given vent to the bitterness of his feelings. When, however, the hat is in reality unfit for any manner of service on the head, it is made to serve the heel; for often does its thrifty master, annihilating every vestige of its former shape, convert it into a sock. Thus, to the last, does it still endeavour to preserve the UNDERSTANDING; and thus, though soulless itself, do its remains occupy a place betwixt TWO SOLES — the sole of the foot, and the sole of the shoe.

Gentle reader ! do not toss up thy nose, and turn away with an air of contempt from this little sketch of the vicissitudes of an old hat ? for, even from so trifling a subject, thou mayest draw a moral lesson for thine own conduct through life ! Thou hast seen how prone man is to despise in adversity those whom he has honoured in prosperity ; then let thy mind be prepared, and thy spirit strengthened, to bear up against the evils of thy destiny, instead of yielding tamely, like that which is senseless and inanimate, to the scorn and contumely that may encompass thee. Thou hast seen how the ruined hat, in its final and worst misfortune, though to the mortification of its body, labours for the good of the sole, and verily I say unto thee, "Go thou and do likewise."

OH, WELL I LOVE MY GENTLE MAID

**Oh, well I love my gentle maid,
For she is young and fair ;
Her eye is as the summer sky,
Like morn-clouds is her hair ;
Her voice is tuneful as a bird's,
Her step is light and free,
And better far than all besides,
She dearly loveth me.**

**I chose my love from out the crowd
Of beauty and of youth ;
I chose her for her loveliness,
I chose her for her truth ;**

I never cease to bless that hour,
When first I chanced to see
The graceful and the beauteous one
Who dearly loveth me.

'Tis not amid a festive group
My love doth seem most fair,
She best becomes the cheerful hearth,
And well I love her there ;
For, oh, 'twas in her quiet home—
A maid's sweet sanctuary—
That first I won her sinless heart,
And knew her love for me.

It may be wrong—I cannot brook
That each rude eye should greet
The brightness of her fawn-like glance,
Her form and features sweet ;
Oh, no ! I would that her dear charms
Should all mine own charms be,
I would not lose one glance of hers
Who dearly loveth me.

I do not think a wish of hers
 To others e'er can stray—
 I know I am her dream by night,
 Her thought throughout the day,
 But as the miser hides his gold,
 His soul's divinity,
 So would I hide from eyes of man
 The maid who loveth me.

'Tis sweet to know a treasure mine,
 Which none besides can share;
 'Tis sweet to think that beauty's lips
 Are mov'd for me in pray'r;
 'Tis sweet when she doth sooth my woe,
 Or light my hours of glee—
 Oh, well I love the gentle maid
 Who dearly loveth me.

REMINISCENCES

Oh, well I remember the far-off time,
When I lov'd up the forest-tree to climb,
And toss on its branches to and fro,
Like a sprite whose home was the leafy bough;
Not a bird of the air, that floated by,
With its merry song, was more happy than I—
So free was my spirit, so buoyant and light,
I deem'd I could follow the bird in its flight.

Like a wild-deer I flew up the steepest hill,
And cool'd my hot blood at the singing rill;
Or I leapt in the waters so cool and bright,
And the torrent stemm'd in my youthful might.
When the wind, like an untam'd horse, rush'd
past,

I lov'd to be out in the whirling blast,
And perch'd on the brow of a craggy rock,
I laugh'd aloud at the tempest's shock.

By bubbling brook, and in leafy bow'r,
 Full oft did I pass the enchanted hour,
 Whilst mine eyes on the wond'rous page did pore,
 That told of romantic, and magic lore;
 Till I started up, with a swelling breast,
 And deem'd me a warrior with lance in rest;
 Or the lamp of Aladdin I held in my hand,
 And its slaves were awaiting their master's
 command.

Those visions have pass'd, and I wander now,
 With a sober pace, and a thoughtful brow;
 I have drank of the fountains of living thought,
 And the lore of the world have most dearly
 bought;

But my heart leaps up with a thrill of joy,
 When bounds before me some happy boy,
 And I think of the days that have long since fled,
 Like a mourner who sighs for the lost and dead.

THE FAREWELL

Oh, fare thee well !—heed not my sigh,
The offspring of a broken heart ;
Mind not the dimness of mine eye,
Though from it burning tear-drops start ;
Think not upon my sunken cheek,
Deem it consumption's slow decay ;
Oh ! look not on my form so weak,
Soon from the earth 'twill pass away.
I know thou art another's now,
Thou feelest now another flame,
Another claims thy lasting vow,
Whilst I alone am still the same—

Yes, still I love, as true, as well,
 As when I press'd thy cheek,
 And thy bright eyes would fondly tell
 The love thou could'st not speak.
 Still can I gaze upon that face,
 That beautiful and gentle eye,
 That fairy form, so full of grace,
 Those cheeks which shame the roses' dye :
 That face still seems so free of guile,
 That, doting still, again I seek
 To find the glad, the sunny smile
 Which us'd to dimple that soft cheek ;
 But 'tis in vain—I see not there
 The welcome there was wont to be—
 Thy blue eye still is bright, but where
 Is that dear glance which beam'd on me ?
 As from the youthful dreamer's mind,
 Visions of light and joy depart,
 Passing, and leaving nought behind,
 Save what is pictur'd on the heart :—
 So unto me, thy lost love be ;
 And should'st thou, in thy beauty's bloom,

When I am gone e'er think of me,

Oh ! shed no tear upon my tomb,

Oh ! sully not thy lovely eye,

Oh ! wet not thou that cheek so fair,

But let this check thy bosom's sigh—

I shall be free from earthly care ;

Nor weep nor sigh, for I would not

Sorrow for me should ever dwell

With thee, though faithless—but forgot

Be all my woes in this farewell !

LINES ON A TOMB,
THE INSCRIPTION OF WHICH WAS EFFACED
BY TIME

O house of death ! thou mouldering tomb,
Thou marble palace of the dead,
Whom hast thou shut up in thy womb,
Thou monument of grandeur fled ?
Vain was his hope who put his trust
In thee for lasting fame ;
For thou art hast'ning to the dust,
Like him whose titled name
Was once emblazon'd on thy side,
Who on thee trusted, when he died,
To tell posterity his fame.

The lines have faded from thy brow,
He thought would tell his worth ;
His pride and power, where is it now ?
Gone to its parent—earth !
On thee let pomp and wealth now gaze,
And tell them this their lot—
To live awhile in hireling praise,
Then die, for aye forgot.
And thou, that still dost seem to say
Thou holdest more than common clay,
Thou too wilt quickly meet thy doom,
Thou relic of a once-proud tomb ;
Crumbled to dust thou soon wilt lie,
No more wilt fix th' observing eye,
And the inquiring gaze will pass
O'er thee, as o'er a worthless mass.

WOMAN'S LOVE

Oh ! woman's love's a holy light
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die :
It lives—though treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try.
Like ivy, where it grows, 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green :
Like ivy, too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing !

ANON

Of all the passions, there is none more holy,
- and less subject to change than woman's love. It
is an evergreen of the heart—a flower blooming
in sun or tempest—a thing imperishable amidst
the perishing. Though the object of woman's af-
fection may prove base and unworthy of her, still
she wavers not, still she is unchanged ; clinging

to him in prosperity and adversity. Man may love fondly, devotedly, yet his love is subject to many temporary cessations; in the absence of her to whom he has pledged his faith, his thoughts often stray to others; he may toy with any female who falls in his way, and, for the moment, forget both his vows and her who claims them. With woman it is different: her chamber is a sanctuary; home the sphere in which she moves; and seldom does she depart from that sphere, unless under the protection of him who has her plighted troth, the inspirer of her most secret wishes, the being in whom is concentrated her sole hopes of earthly happiness. Many a man indulges himself in what he terms little acts of gallantry; that is, he conceives a slight attachment for some young and amiable woman, he visits her, accompanies her in her walks, and for awhile assiduously tenders every attention that is required of a professed lover; then he grows tired, and deserts her. This is the most cruel thing that any one can be guilty of: perhaps he has won her love—and it is

not unlikely that such may be the case, for woman's soul is much more easily awakened to that passion, in the true sense of the word, than man's — if so, what remedy has she ? none ! She cannot drive away her painful sensations by flying to scenes of gaiety ; she cannot drown her sorrows in the flow of the bottle ; she cannot dissipate her cares by the bacchanalian song and the midnight revel — no, she retires to her chamber, and pines in secret ; still, however, wishing and cherishing hopes for the false one's return, and ever doomed to find her wishes fruitless, and her hopes terminating in disappointment.

I have said that woman's love is unchangeable ; but I do not mean to include in my assertion that portion of the sex who are a kind of female coxcombs, and flirt and parley with every dashing fellow they meet ; and who, in reality, are incapable of loving truly, and consequently cannot feel the effects of love. I am here only speaking of that retired class of beings, who are brought up under the eyes of their parents, and restrained

from frequenting those fashionable balls and assemblies where all sorts of frivolity, wantonness, and debauchery, are practised without distinction, both by men and women. I have known instances of eyes growing dim, and cheeks fading, from blasted affection ; and, at the present time, I am well acquainted with a lovely girl, who is hastening to her last abode, and the cause of her decay, I am convinced, proceeds entirely from slighted love.

I shall just relate another case, which has fallen under my observation. Such circumstances are often occurring, and the world regards them as things of no import ; if, however, this simple record should interest one reader ; if it should call forth the gentle glow of pity in one breast, I shall have achieved my end, and shall rest contented. Emma F———, and myself were playmates in infancy, and our childish friendship increased with our years, though it never grew into love. I have often heard it asserted that friendship cannot exist between the sexes, without partaking of

a warmer feeling ; but this assertion is untrue. I felt the deepest interest in the welfare of Emma, yet I could have seen her united to a deserving man, without a sigh, nay even with gladness. She was my confidant ; in her breast I deposited all my little secrets, and her advice was my guide in the most important matters. When about the age of eighteen, she was addressed by a young man of the name of Elwin ; he was of a good family, but I soon learned that his fortune was small, and that he was exceedingly dissipated. With grief I saw that the attachment he professed for Emma was returned, and the first opportunity I met with, I acquainted her with the reports I had heard of his character. I was in hopes this would have broken off their connection, instead of which I found them together more frequently than before ; and I could plainly perceive that Emma strove to avoid me, and that her looks and manner were colder to me, since our conversation on the subject of her lover's demerits. His influence over her every day became stronger. I

had never been a favourite of his ; and as I now began to think that he was jealous of me, my visits were repeated at longer intervals, until at last they were almost discontinued. The day on which Emma attained her nineteenth year, was fixed for their nuptials ; a card of invitation was sent to me, and I attended. My heart sickened, when I saw her clad in her costly bridal-robcs, and slightly indeed did I partake of the cheer, for my soul had a secret foreboding that she was destined to a lot of misery. Her beautiful countenance was lit up with smiles, and Elwin appeared all mirth and happiness ; but the endearments which he lavished on his young bride, seemed to me to be constrained. I left the scene of festivity at an early hour, and returned home sorely oppressed in spirit.

In a few weeks after the marriage, I left my native town for the metropolis. Twelve months had expired, when I again entered the place of my birth, on a visit to my parents. I took a circuitous route over the fields — one that was dear

to me from early remembrances — my way lay through the churchyard, and I loitered, to look at the names of those who had sought their “long home” since my departure. My attention was soon attracted to a small white tomb, that seemed to be newly raised : I advanced towards it, and read the words “ Here lyeth the body of Emma Elwin.” I stood as if stupified — was she indeed dead ? When I had beheld her last, she was glowing with health and beauty, and was now cold and inanimate as the earth I trod upon.

I learned that soon after the nuptial ceremony, Elwin had thrown off the veil in which he had disguised his intentions ; and no sooner had he gained possession of his wife’s fortune, than he abandoned himself entirely to the most dissipated courses. Night after night was he absent from his own dwelling, and night after night did his youthful bride spend in sleeplessness and sorrow. For some time he bore her reproaches and exhortations in moody silence ; at length, with the look of a demon, he flung her from him, told her

he had never loved her, and, having obtained the object of his wishes, her fortune, he would no longer brook a restraint upon his actions: then, with frantic violence, he dashed from the room, and left the house. Emma had fainted, and the noise occasioned by her fall summoned the servants to her assistance — she was conveyed to a bed, from which she never arose.

VIOLETS

I have wreath'd my lute with violets,
As if its tones could be
Blent with the odour of their breath,
Whilst it is wak'd for thee.

I know 'twas but a childish thought,
To deem the magic power,
To blend its sweets with strains of love,
Should dwell with simple flower.

'Twas but a childish thought, and yet
What meeter wreath could be
Than flowers whose hue is type of faith,
Whose beauty tells of thee ?

I thought of thee as I twin'd around

My lute each living gem :

Thou wilt say, perchance, there are brighter
flowers—

There are, but I chose not them.

And why ?—I will tell thee why, my love,

These deep blue buds I chose,

Nor pluck'd, as an emblem, the lily's cup,

Or the proud and queen-like rose.

'Twas a balmy eve, and the star-wrought sky

Like a festive temple seem'd,

When I wander'd, my dearest, to muse on thee,

O'er the paths where the flow'rets gleam'd.

I look'd on the lily, but chill and pale

Its silver leaflets lay—

'Twas all too cold for affection's type,

And I turn'd from its beauties away.

I sought out the home of the crimson rose,
But the brightness of its bloom,
And the leaves which had courted the sunny
day,
Had shrunk from the evening's gloom.

And I thought it not meet that my humble lute
'Mid the breath of the rose should flow,
For I could not deem that thy youthful heart
Would change in the hour of woe.

I found the spot where the violets grew,
By the light of their dewy eyes,
Which shone as I stood by their lowly bed,
And the incense of their sighs.

Oh, not like the rose did they woo the sun
In a glad and a smiling hour,
And shrink, like the false and treacherous heart,
When the shadows began to low'r.

They were still unchang'd when the darkness
came,

And around my lute I twin'd
Their buds, as an emblem of thy truth,
And the heart where thou art shrin'd.

**THE FATHER
ON THE LOSS OF A TWIN-CHILD**

My child of love, I look for thee,
 When night has chas'd the day ;
Thy sister seeks her father's knee,
 But thou—thou art away :
Thy sister is but as a thing
That tells me of thy withering.

I hop'd to rear you as twin-flowers,
 Both springing from one bed ;
But thou—the light of darkest hours,
 My favourite one art dead :
The lonely bud still left to bloom,
Doth but remind me of thy doom.

I do not know how love doth start,
Yet when, at evening's fall,
I press'd thy form unto my heart,
I felt thou wert my all ;
I saw thee innocent and fair,
And quite forgot my toil and care.

Oft does thy sister search around,
To find her playmate dear ;
She looks—but thou no more art found,
She calls—thou can'st not hear ;
And yet though thou no more art seen,
She scarce can tell what death may mean.

Few months have vanish'd since I heard
Thy accents form my name ;
Oh, how I dwelt upon each word
That from thy young lips came ;
I bless'd thee, and I had no fear
That I so soon should see thy bier:

Short time has pass'd since in my arms
 Thou claim'dst a father's kiss,
 And I did view thy infant charms
 With all a father's bliss :
 Alas ! I dreamt not then that thou
 So soon wouldst lie where thou dost now.

Sometimes when I have look'd upon
 Thy sweetly playful face,
 I've deem'd thou wert too fair a one
 To dwell with earthly race,
 Yet did not think so soon would roam
 Thy soul from out its beauteous home.

So quick I thought thou would'st not fade,
 So soon thy bloom be gone,
 So very soon thy form be laid
 Beneath the churchyard stone ;
 But life is like a taper's ray,
 Which slightest breeze may waft away.

I do not weep to mourn thy fate,
For happier now thou art ;
I weep that I am desolate,
And that we are apart ;
I weep that life still keeps me here,
From thee, and from thy blessed sphere.

I will not cherish my despair,
And mourn thy loss in vain,
But live in hope to meet thee where
We may not part again,
Where friend meets friend, and parent child,
Where joy by grief is ne'er defil'd.

THE HAUNTED STREAM

A GERMAN LEGEND

But he that was there in that secret spot,
Regarded the stream and the blossoms not:
He regarded the stream and the blossoms less,
For his glance was on brighter loveliness.

ANON

In a small valley near the Rhine stood the dwelling of Harold, the fisherman. His family consisted of a wife and five children, three sons and two daughters; and though it required all his industry to support them, his heart was light, and he was content with such cheer as his labour enabled him to obtain. His eldest son, Arnaud, who was about the age of fourteen, usually accompanied him in his fishing excursions, and assisted

him to draw his nets. Arnaud's chief delight was to hear his father, whilst waiting for the filling of the nets, recount the various legends of the valley, of which he possessed an almost inexhaustible store. The tales which Arnaud used to listen to with the greatest pleasure, and which he often prevailed upon his father to repeat, were those which told of the fairies, who were said to haunt the stream that flowed at a short distance from the fisherman's dwelling. It was believed that at certain times of the year, a bark glided along the stream, filled by a group of fairies, who landed on the banks, and after amusing themselves for some time on shore, betook them to their bark again, and, floating to a particular part of the water, disappeared. "I will endeavour to obtain a sight of these fairies," thought Arnaud; and seeking the banks of the river, he would linger there for hours together. Many a time would his heart beat fast and loud as he heard a rushing sound, and hid himself amid the bushes, scarcely daring to look up, until he was at once relieved and dis-

appointed to find the object of his alarm merely the noise occasioned by the flight of a water-fowl. Still his patience did not forsake him; and though he incurred his father's displeasure, when he returned home, for his long absence, he murmured not, for he hoped he should soon be recompensed for all his scoldings and disappointments by a sight of those mysterious beings whom he so ardently longed to behold. One day, exhausted with watching, he laid himself down beneath the shade of a spreading tree, and fell asleep, and dreamt of fairy land. Arnaud was a beautiful youth, and as he reclined in slumber, though his bright blue eyes were closed, the flowing ringlets of his golden hair, his fair and blooming cheeks, his graceful form, and well-fashioned limbs, which the meanness of his dress could not conceal, made him appear a being destined to move in a far superior circle to that in which he had been brought up. He was awakened from his romantic vision by a warm pressure on his lips. He started from his sleep, and saw the loveliest creature his eyes

had ever beheld. A female, whose charms were of the most dazzling description, bent over him in an attitude of fondness and admiration. She was clad in white drapery, interwoven with threads of silver; her zone was inlaid with gold, and studded with precious stones, that shone like so many stars. Strings of the finest pearl enwreathed her neck, and gleamed amongst her dark tresses; but the lustre of the shining stones was not so bright as her eyes, nor were the pearls as pure as her neck and bosom. She held in her hand a chaplet of water-lilies, and placing them around Arnaud's temples, she exclaimed, in a voice of melody, "Beautiful mortal!" thou beholdest in me one of the fairies who haunt this place. My companions are diverting themselves on the banks of the river, and I, having chosen this spot for my gambols, was attracted by thy surpassing loveliness. Fairest of the children of men, wilt thou not go with me? wilt thou not accompany me to my own blessed regions, where sorrow comes not, and joy reigneth for ever in the hearts of the inhabitants?

I will build thee a bower of crystal ; the floor shall be of coral, sprinkled with pearls and rubies, and the windows shall be formed of the most brilliant diamonds. Sweet son of the earth, wilt thou not go with me ?" Arnaud cast his eyes around, and beheld a numerous group of those beings whom he had so long wished to see, some bounding along the shore, and others diving beneath the waters. His glance again rested on the fair form by his side, and as he gazed on its unearthly beauty, his heart throbbed violently, and a throng of more exquisite sensations than he had ever felt before took possession of his soul : all thoughts of home vanished from his mind. "Gentle being," said he to the fairy, "if I look on and am near to thee, I cannot fail to be happy : willingly, therefore, would I go with thee to thine own country ; but I fear thy companions will not consent that a poor mortal like myself should be a partaker of their gladness. "Fear not, my beloved," replied the fairy, "those of our race know not what it is to give pain to each other, and the thing which

I request will not be denied. Remain here a few moments ; I will away and acquaint my sisters with my desire, and on my return we will bound into our bark, and depart to the land of light and beauty." When Arnaud was alone he almost repented of the promise he had made, for the thoughts of home came to his heart, and with difficulty he repressed his tears, as he pictured to himself the grief his family would feel on his account. "They will assemble round the hearth," thought he, "when the evening falls, and my father will ask, 'Where is Arnaud ?' My brothers and sisters will repeat the question, and when they find that I come not, they will search for me in the wood and by the stream, and their search will be fruitless. My mother will weep, and she will say, 'If my son were living, he would not be absent thus long ; oh, Arnaud, dear Arnaud, where art thou ? Wilt thou return no more to the arms of thy mother ? Alas, we mourn in vain my children, your brother must have perished in the waters.'" The fairy now returned with a counte-

nance beaming with joy. "Arouse thee, dearest," said she, "my friends have consented that thou shouldst be as one of us; already do they prepare for their journey homewards, and soon wilt thou be far, far from this dull earth, and the cares and pains which are the lot of its children." A band of fair creatures bounded lightly over the green turf, with their shining tresses and loose drapery floating in the wind. A shout of admiration burst from the group, as they gazed on Arnaud, and they cried, "Truly, sister, this is a charming youth, and not unworthy to dwell amongst us. Away, away, let us unfurl our sails, for the breeze blows freshly. Follow us, sister, and bring with thee the graceful stranger." They sprang into their vessel, and Arnaud and the fairies were borne rapidly along the stream for a few minutes; then the fairies furled their sails, and the boat moved slower. By degrees its motion grew almost imperceptible, and then it became transfixed in the middle of the water. Arnaud gazed around with astonishment, for the fairies seemed as though

they intended to proceed no further. "Shrink not," said the sweet voice of her who was by his side, "the waves are about to close over us, but they will harm thee not. From this spot will our boat descend to the land of beauty." The fairy enveloped him in a slight veil, and then the bark sank into the stream. He felt no inconvenience from the water, but breathed as freely as if he had inhaled the fresh breeze; whilst by him swept innumerable creatures of the waves. In a short time, though the vessel still descended at the same rate, he saw that they were in a purer element, and the water through which they had passed lay like a firmament above their heads. They now arrived at the place of their destination; but who shall describe the effect produced upon Arnaud by the enchanting scenes spread before him! The most beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers, seemed to have been culled from all parts of the earth, and transplanted to this fair abode. Here were vine-covered valleys, there the peach tree bloomed in all its luxuriance, and

here the orange and the lemon trees, loaded with golden fruitage. The sturdy oak, the spreading elm, and the graceful willow, flung around their shadows. The blue-eyed violet, the pale passion flower, the sweet-breathing honey-suckle, the maiden-like rose, the silver clematis, and the white stars of the jessamine, with numerous unknown and fragrant plants and flowers, combined to render the place more lovely than any before looked on by mortal eyes.

The name of the fairy whom Arnaud had first seen was Rosaura, which word signifies 'air of roses,' and she was so called because of the perfume of her breath. When Arnaud had gazed for awhile on the things around him, Rosaura led him to her dwelling, which was composed of the most brilliant spars. She brought him fruit, and he eat and found it delicious; she pressed the juice from the bursting grape, and the goblet out of which he drank was formed of a single pearl. After he had refreshed himself, he wandered with the beautiful Rosaura through the enchanting

groves and valleys of fairy-land. There were neither sun, moon, nor stars above them, yet it was far more light than the sunniest day of earth, and the air was far more pure. The trees and the flowers wore a brighter bloom, and every object had a radiance thrown over it which belongs not to the world of mortals. This happy country was never visited by darkness nor storms, snow, nor rain; it felt not the chill breath of winter, nor the oppressive heat of summer; but all was one continued season of light and tranquillity. No wish was entertained which might not be gratified; and there was a never-ending succession of joy and festivity. Arnaud soon became universally beloved by the fairies, and each strove to find favour in his sight, and endeavoured to contribute to his felicity. They were exempt from the pains which attend on mortals, and they needed not rest or repose; yet Rosaura would watch by the couch of Arnaud whilst he slumbered, and imprint on his young cheek her warm kisses. In the groves large and splendid diamonds were

suspended from the trees, and shone like stars amid the gloom. Their principal amusement was the dance, and the music to which they danced was produced from sweet-toned harps, whose melody was awakened by the wind. Sometimes they would strive to excel each other in the race, and bound along like a troop of startled fawns. The prize for which they usually contended was a coronal of flowers, which was placed on the victor's brow by the hand of Arnaud. There was no envy in these contests; there was no ill-will borne by the vanquished; but each was as ready to rejoice in the victor's success, as though she herself had been the conqueror. Rosaura taught Arnaud to play upon the lute, and would often accompany its music with the melody of her own voice. At other times, a group of the fair dwellers in this romantic land would join their voices together in some delightful air peculiar to themselves, until the breeze became replete with sweet sounds, and the senses of Arnaud were wrapt in a dream of ecstasy. Innumerable

were the devices practised to amuse the favoured mortal thus placed amongst them ; but the human mind is not fitted for a state of uninterrupted happiness. It is the alternate succession of joy and grief which renders existence desirable ; it is the remembrance of the past and the uncertainty of the future which makes us cling to life with so much tenacity. It is the mingling of hope and fear, the expectation, and not unpleasing dread, of our coming years, " gloomy and indistinct as feverish dream," which makes us wish to live on. With Arnaud the memory of the past still lived ; the future, however, no longer formed a theme of conjecture to his mind. All would be a scene of changeless and unchequered brightness ; all would be calm, all would be beautiful ; yet there would be no interruption to the calm, there would be no variation in the beauty, and as he who has long dwelt beneath a tropic sun longs even for the chill blasts of winter, so did his young heart soon yearn for his own native home, with its changeful sky, at times frowning in gloomy

grandeur, and at others radiant with light and silvery clouds, floating over its surface like winged heralds of heaven sent forth to speak of peace to man.

Two years passed away, two years in an abode where pleasure was the only study, where neither sickness nor fatigue interrupted the revels of its inhabitants; where age weakened not their powers of enjoyment, and where all was one continued round of harmony and bliss. Things which at first sight excite our imagination, by being ever before our eyes lose their power of charming. Beauty, when uncontrasted with deformity, palls upon the sense, and becomes uninteresting from the very uniformity of its perfection. We are only adapted to a state of earthly existence. To fit the soul for a more celestial abode, it must be rid of its bodily incumbrance, it must be divested of its fleshy clothing. If we analyze our feelings, if we strictly review our hearts, we shall find that however strong may be our belief in a future state of reward, however confident may be

our anticipations of attaining it, we are still loth to quit this mortal life, this world of toil and suffering. Earthly ties still bind us down, and the frail affections of our nature triumph over the purer and more lofty aspirations of the spirit. Arnaud had long sighed for his former life. He knew himself to belong to a race of beings inferior to those with whom he now dwelt. He was a favourite, and loaded with caresses; yet their favour had become painful, their caresses were coldly received, for he saw he was considered but as a bird admired for the sweetness of its voice or the beauty of its plumage; or as a pet lamb caressed by a gentle girl. He was loved, but not with the love which mortal bears to mortal; he was loved, but not as one on terms of equality with those who loved him. He never for a moment could forget their superior natures; he was convinced that his inferiority—his very deficiency and want of those qualities which formed their perfection—the very imperfectness of his nature caused him to be admired and caressed; and

who could submit complacently to have his infirmities set up as an idol of worship ? Then he thought, too, of one he dearly loved, of one who dearly loved him — the young and fair-haired Madeline. She was the daughter of a neighbouring fisherman ; they had been companions almost from their birth, and often in their later years the boy's arm had encircled her slender waist, and his lips pressed her cheek, whilst he vowed that when he became a man fair Madeline should be his bride. More beauteous than ever seemed her image now as it came upon his lonely musings, and dearer far than kindred, friends, or home did he feel she was to his youthful heart. When Rosaura gazed, spoke, or smiled in tenderness, he thought of the look, the voice, the smile of Madeline, and felt that one glance, one word, one smile of hers was worth all the joys that fairy-land could afford him, and bitterly he sighed and pined for home and her. Rosaura marked the change that had come over him, and when she asked the cause, no answer did he give save

“home!” Anxiously and unceasingly did the fairy watch over him, and anticipate his wants; but pale and sunken grew his features; he smiled not—a worm was at his heart, and ever and anon he murmured, “Home, home, home; oh, bear me to my home again!” Sorely grieved was Rosaura to separate from her favourite; yet she feared the young exile was dying; and after fruitless efforts to cheer his drooping spirits, she consented to his departure, on his promising, at the expiration of two months, to return with her to fairy-land. Reluctantly did the fairies, after vain entreaties, prepare to transport the boy to earth again. They loaded him with costly presents as tokens of their love; and at parting, Rosaura’s lips clung fondly unto his, as she placed around his neck her farewell gift. It was a chain of pure and spotless pearls, to which was attached a glittering diamond in the form of a star. “Take thou,” said she “my parting token, wear it next thy heart, and when the diamond’s light grows pale, thou wilt know that Rosaura is sorrowing

for thy return." Lightly Arnaud sprang on shore — the boat sailed slowly back — Rosaura mournfully waved her hand, and then was hidden by the closing waters.

The day of Arnaud's return was indeed a day of rejoicing to those who had so long wept over his loss. He seemed to re-appear amongst them like one who had long slumbered with the dead, but, in pity to their wailings, had left the land of spirits to revisit once more his earthly companions, and gladden them by his presence. He told the tale of his wondrous adventures, and numbers flocked to listen to his strange narration; and when they seemed incredulous, he produced his costly chain and star, and they believed him. The mutual happiness of Madeline and her lover at meeting again may be easily imagined. With what delight did she dwell upon his words, and hear him vow that never in his absence had he forgotten his early love! The youthful and beautiful pair were sitting one night under the shade of a large tree, whose verdant and drooping

branches almost excluded the light of the full moon. At times, however, its white and placid rays glanced brightly through the dark foliage ; and one fair star which the leaves had not shut out, fixed in its sphere, an emblem of their love and beauty, seemed smiling sweetly on them. A lovelier night was never gazed upon ; and folded in each other's arms, they felt no hearts could taste of bliss more pure than that which now they tasted. "And shall we never part again, and wilt thou never leave me more ?" murmured the low voice of Madeline. "Never, my love ;" replied her lover ; "a few short years and thou shalt be my bride, and death alone again shall part us." "Oh, Arnaud," said the maiden, "thou knowest me but a mortal. Perchance, ere long, thou wilt turn with indifference from a simple peasant-girl and sigh for fairy-land, and her who loved thee there." "Name not," exclaimed Arnaud, "name not the hated abode, nor her who decoyed me to it. I would not sacrifice thy love for all the wealth which that enchanted land contains. Rosaura

and her gifts to me are valueless, and we have parted never more to meet." No sooner had he uttered these words than a wild shriek of agony and despair rung in his ears. He started to his feet, and beheld a white figure dart past him with the swiftness of an arrow, and vanish from his sight. The truth now flashed upon his memory. It was on this spot, at this hour, that he had promised, on his parting from Rosaura, to meet her again for the purpose of returning with her to fairy land. Here had she repaired, and here had she heard the words which rang in her ears like a knell, and caused her to emit the loud and anguished cry which told the death of hope. So much had Arnaud been engrossed with his own happiness, that his promise had entirely faded from his remembrance until the present moment. To prevent the possibility of again encountering the fairy, he carefully avoided approaching the place of appointment, and for a length of time forebore to leave his parents' dwelling unless accompanied by Madeline or some of his kindred,

for he well knew, that unless he was alone the fairy would not appear.

Weeks, months, years passed away, and Arnaud began to regard his sojourn in fairy-land as little more than a bright vision ; nay, he would almost have been tempted to doubt its reality, had he not still held in his possession many valuable presents, and, above all, the splendid star, which, when he gazed upon it, would often wax dim and colourless. At times, too, in the stillness of night, when all had retired to rest, his ears were greeted with strains of plaintive music, and a voice which had of old been familiar to him, sung the following words to a sweet and mournful air :—

THE FAIRY'S SONG

Oh, come with me, my mortal love,
To our home of bliss below,
And rove through the lone and shadowy grove,
Where the gleaming waters flow.

Oh, come with me—I will lead thee where,
 By the diamond's starry light,
 To the harps that are woke by the silent air,
 Through the dance we take our flight.

We will wander where the flow'rets spring,
 Which of old were so prais'd by thee ;
 I have shelter'd them e'en from the butterfly's wing,
 And the kiss of the golden bee.

But the light of the diamond waxeth pale,
 And the dance is unheeded now,
 And the flowers, oh, their odours seem to fail—
 Beloved, why com'st not thou ?

Dost thou still remember thy fairy maid ?
 Are the hours still unforgot,
 When she pillow'd thy head in the vine-clad shade ?
 I ask, but thou answer'st not.

Dost thou stay to gaze on the sunny sky ?
 Our own, love, is far more bright ;
 Can the changeful moon, or the pale stars vie
 With the fairy-land's cloudless light ?

There is, joy, perchance, by thy father's hearth—

Can it match with our ceaseless glee?

The maiden who loves thee may bind thee to earth—

Not like mine clings her heart unto thee.

Wilt thou come?—for the sail of our bark is set,

And I dare not longer dwell;

Wilt thou come, my beloved?—I linger yet—

Unkind one, I weep my farewell.

The last verse was repeated, until the voice died gradually away in the distance. Arnaud, however, was proof against all temptations, and when he attained his twenty-first year, he married the maiden of his choice, the fair-haired Madeline, and never was he heard to regret his lot. After his marriage the fairy never disturbed his repose, and he saw spring up around him a group of little beings who united in their persons the loveliness of their parents. He lived to a green and prosperous old age; and when the evening fire blazed brightly, many a time did he repeat to his children his early adventures, and thus was

he accustomed to conclude his marvellous narrative. "Oh, then, my children, content yourselves with the blessings which fall to your lot, and yearn not after the things which are wisely denied to you. Happiness depends not so much upon external circumstances, as upon the temperament of the mind ; and the mind is too often restless and unsatisfied in whatever situation the body may be placed. We are unfitted for a state of perfect felicity, and should soon become as dissatisfied with uninterrupted joy, as with a climate unvisited by clouds or rain. Man is generally the author of his own misery, and is ever pining for that which he has not ; the poor peasant envies those who are wealthy and great, and the rich and the great, in their turn, look with envy on the seeming glad and healthy clown. We sum up the sorrows of life, and forget its joys ; we pass over the flowers, and gaze upon the weeds. In whatever situation you are cast, compare it impartially with that of others, and you will ever find it possessed of some advantages. Keep to

yourselves pure and guiltless hearts ; love virtue, and practise it for its own sake, and not for the applause the profession of it may gain you from the multitude ; hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst, and you cannot fail to be as happy as any of your fellow-mortals."

MARGARET

Margaret is young and fair,
With eyes, whose joyous rays
Are brighter far than diamonds are,
And lovelier to the gaze.
You may have look'd on eyes, whose hue
Was witching, and dissolving blue ;
Or jet black eyes, whose dazzling fire
All those who saw must needs admire ;
But woman's glances ne'er beam'd yet
More soft than those of Margaret.

Lily pale is Margaret's cheek,
And yet surpass'd by none ;
For if for beauty's blush you seek,
It dwells that cheek upon.

Oh! who can look upon her smile,
And feel his soul unmov'd the while?
Or mark her lips of love unclosed,
And give to view the shining rows
Of pearl in beds of coral set,
And not adore fair Margaret?

Margaret's hair, like streams of light,
Doth o'er her white neck flow,
And twines, in yellow ringlets bright,
Around her polish'd brow:
Each silken lock, each curling tress,
Glow like a star of loveliness;
Her voice is like a bow, whose dart
Is sure to sink into the heart:
Who once has seen, can ne'er forget,
Or cease to love young Margaret.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

I think of thee in the stilly night,
When others lie in dreams,
And the moon is raining on the earth
A shower of silver beams.

I think of thee when I see a star
On a quiet stream look down,
And flash again from its hidden depths,
Like a radiant golden crown.

I think of thee when I see its beams
Rush forth from their glorious sphere,
As though they lov'd their beauty to bathe
In the waters cool and clear.

I have thought that stream as a mirror might be,
That star a maiden fair,
Gazing in joy on her loveliness,
As it shone reflected there.

Or I have thought that fair star lov'd
The quiet stream's pure breast,
And guarded its slumbers through the night,
And kiss'd it into rest.

My faithful heart is as that stream,
A mirror sweet of thee ;
Thy beauty lights its inmost depths—
THOU art that star to me.

I LOVE THEE

I can but breathe, my gentle love,
In wild and simple song,
The name and beauty which should be
Borne deathlessly along.
I ask no laurel for the lyre
Which tells of love for thee :
'Tis but a record of the heart—
A smile its guerdon be.

I love thee !—in those few sweet words
A hidden magic lies ;
And in my bosom, at their sound,
A thousand glad thoughts rise ;

And, as the Patriarch beheld
His incense upwards spring,
E'en so one dear thought tells that thou
Smil'st on my offering.

I love thee !—still those words shall be
The burthen of my lay—
Thou art my star in sorrow's night,
My sun in pleasure's day.
I love thee !—even the very place
Where thou do'st love to be ;
All things thou lov'st to look upon
I love, because of thee.

I love thee !—if, when far away,
I dwell on some sweet tone,
I listen but because the voice
Is like unto thine own ;
And if I mark some sylph-like form
Move gracefully along,
'Tis but that it resembles hers
Who claims my heart and song.

I love thee for thy dove-like eyes,

And for each silken tress,

Thy rose-like cheek, and snow-white brow—

Thy all of loveliness.

I love thee !—and so deep the spell

Entwin'd around my heart,

That, e'er it cease to beat for thee,

Both love and life must part.

THE SECRET BRIDAL

The marble walls of the magnificent cathedral of Florence gleamed in the summer sun, whose beams cast a dim and chastened light over the interior of the stately pile, when two youths, each evidently the scion of some noble and wealthy house, strode proudly up the aisle. With an easy and confident air, dangling their plumed and jewelled caps carelessly in their hands, they made their way to a seat, apparently with no great intention of listening to the holy man who was then addressing his flock. The elder and most confident of the two seemed to be pointing out to his companion and expatiating on the various

specimens of art with which the walls of the building were adorned. Suddenly the younger cavalier, who at first appeared remarkably attentive to his companion, lost all interest in his discourse, and its objects, which he was previously surveying with much curiosity. It was some moments before the other perceived his inattentiveness, and the earnestness with which his eyes were fixed upon a certain part of the cathedral. "In heaven's name, Eribert," said his friend, "on what gazest thou so long and admiringly." "Azzo," whispered the other, "tell me, I pray thee, the name of yonder maiden." "Truly, my friend," replied Azzo, smiling, "my acquaintance is not of so general a character as to enable me to inform thee of the name of each damsel who happens to meet thine eye." "Looks she not more like a saint," said Eribert, "than any of the creations of fancy that surround us? Didst ever see a face so fair, a form so faultless?" His companion answered only by a smile, and until the service was concluded, and the congregation began to disperse,

the youths sat in silence, the younger never for a moment withdrawing his glance from the object of his admiration. The instant she quitted her seat, he started from his own, and hurried towards the door, but the pressure of the retiring crowd barred his progress, and when he was able to force a passage, she whom he sought had vanished he knew not where. After a considerable time spent in fruitless attempts to ascertain the way she had taken, he was obliged to abandon his search, and returned to his friend, not a little chagrined at his disappointment. It was in vain that Azzo tried to banter his friend out of his sudden prepossession in favour of an unknown damsel. He remained, during the day, so unusually absent and gloomy, that his companion, after resorting to all the means in his power to overcome the melancholy of the enamoured youth, was fain to leave him to himself, and seek resource from his apathy in the company of more lively acquaintance.

Eribert de Alberti was the only son and heir

of an ancient and wealthy house, and was, as only sons generally are, the idol of his parents. He was now on a visit to his quondam school-fellow, the dissipated, yet frank and open-hearted Azzo de Carrara. Eribert and Azzo were sworn friends, and seldom, if ever before, had they found each other's fellowship wearisome. Eribert had, until the present moment, considered himself perfectly invulnerable to female charms, and had always been the first to jest at the raptures of his too susceptible friend, but he now felt that an unknown, and perhaps worthless object—though he could not bear to think that the latter might be the case—had cast a spell over his heart, from which he strove in vain to free himself. For many days he was a constant attendant at the cathedral, in the hope of again seeing the fair unknown, but his visits were fruitless; though his eyes keenly scrutinised each female countenance, he saw not that which was so deeply graven on his heart.

Several weeks had elapsed, when as Eribert

and his friend were one day passing through the Palazzo del Duca, Azzo proposed that they should call on a promising young painter who resided in the neighbourhood, and whom he had lately rescued from poverty and taken under his patronage. The artist had amply confirmed the judgment and generosity of his patron by proofs of ability and excellence which had already obtained numerous admirers. The two friends found the painter busily employed with his pencil, and whilst he was pouring forth expressions of gratitude to Azzo, his companion's gaze was attracted by an unfinished portrait. An exclamation of delight burst from him. He recognized the image of his long-sought enchantress. The artist replied to his eager enquiries, by informing him that he knew the original of the picture by the name of Constance Durazzo, and that she was the only child of a widow in respectable but not affluent circumstances. One part of the information he received made the young lover's heart bound with joy. The lady was in the habit of

coming to the artist's study alone, and the next day was appointed for one of her visits.

Long before the time appointed for the maiden's arrival, Eribert was at the artist's chamber. Wooing scenes are tedious ; suffice it to say that the youth became a successful suitor. He was now at the height of happiness, but there was a mystery enveloping the birth of Constance which he strove in vain to penetrate. She had resided, from the period of her earliest recollection, in her present abode, and with her present protectress, whom she had long thought her mother, until a few years ago, she had learned that no relationship existed between them. From her adopted mother she had obtained the following statement.

Eighteen years ago Madame Durazzo had lost her husband, and was sitting one dull evening in her lonely mansion, musing over her recent loss and the straitened circumstances in which her husband's death had involved her, when she was informed that a stranger wished to speak with her. She gave orders for his admittance, and

was surprised by the entrance of a young and handsome man, apparently of rank and distinction. He informed her that he had known her deceased partner, and had heard of his death, and the embarrassments which that event had entailed upon her. If Madame Durazzo was previously at a loss to account for the stranger's visit, she was still more perplexed on seeing him produce, from beneath the cloak in which he was enveloped, an infant. He proceeded to state to her his business. He wished her to take charge of the child, and adopt it as her own. If she consented to his request, he would place in her hands any sum she might think adequate for its future maintenance and her own remuneration. Its true rank, and the name of its parents, she must ever remain in ignorance of. He wished her in all respects to consider it as her own offspring, to bestow upon it what name she thought proper, and to bring it up in the belief that she was its mother. Strange as this proposal appeared to Madame Durazzo, when she saw the extreme loveliness of the child,

and thought of her own desolate state and pecuniary embarrassments, and of the purposes to which the money she would receive with the infant might be applied, she accepted of the trust. The stranger immediately deposited in her hands double the sum she demanded. He kissed the cheek of the smiling babe, and she observed that a tear was trembling in his eye, but he turned hastily away, and bade her farewell. She saw him no more. She bestowed upon the child her own name of Constance; it had grown up in beauty, and loving it as a mother, she had wished it ever to regard her in that light, until in an unguarded moment, the secret had escaped her lips beyond recal.

With this vague account Eribert was obliged to rest satisfied. The idea of betraying the being whose young heart he had won, never for a moment crossed his imagination, but he smiled at times to think that he, the heir of an illustrious house, who had beheld with indifference the proud and beauteous dames of his own rank, was

now devotedly attached to one whose name and true station in life was unknown to him. He was well aware that his father, however indulgent he might be to his minor follies, would never consent to his union with one whose birth was involved in so much obscurity. It was in vain that he attempted to reason himself out of his prepossession, for when did love ever yield to reason's dictates? Each succeeding day did but rivet his fetters more strongly, and convince him of the futility of his endeavours to subdue his passion. The time of his returning home was rapidly approaching, and the struggle betwixt his duty and his love must be brought to a close — the victory was love's. He determined to make Constance Durazzo his bride. There are few female hearts which could resist the united attractions of rank, wealth, and love. Constance yielded to his proposal of a secret marriage. Madame Durazzo was a woman who worshipped rank as a divinity, and in the weakness and vanity of her nature was transported with delight at the thought of the

beloved child of her adoption becoming the wife of the heir of the Marquis de Alberti. It was not likely, therefore, that she would offer any obstacle to the completion of Eribert's wishes. On the contrary, her utmost influence was used on his behalf, and the preparations for the union were speedily completed. The ceremony was to be performed in private, and attended only by Madame Durazzo and one of her neighbours, Eribert led the beautiful Constance to the altar. A strange oppressive, and undefinable feeling came over the heart of Eribert as he led his intended bride up the dim aisle of the chapel where the marriage was to take place. The priest commenced the ceremony, and a sensation almost amounting to horror took possession of the bridegroom. He felt like one about to take a part in some unholy and accursed sacrifice, and as he looked on the downcast and trembling Constance, his imagination pictured her as the victim. He strove vainly to overcome these feelings, and he shuddered involuntarily as the priest pronounced the closing

benediction. Constance was, however, now his bride, and as he pressed her to his breast, he fondly thought that, spite of his previous ominous sensations, his bliss would be both lasting and perfect. The period appointed for his return to his parents had gone by, and as they would no longer be pacified by his reiterated excuses, he was compelled, shortly after his union, to bid his bride a reluctant adieu.

Proudly did the Marquis and Marchioness de Alberti embrace their beloved son, but Eribert's thoughts were with his bride at Florence, and he found some difficulty in evading the inquiries of his mother who with the keen eye of maternal love soon saw that he met her not with his usual expression of frank delight. Eribert shrank from the idea of deceiving his parents, yet when he gazed on their dignified forms, and saw the state with which they were surrounded, he felt that it would be almost madness in him to expect their sanction to his union. The secret, therefore, remained closely shut up in his own breast. Slowly

passed the time which he was obliged to spend at the seat of his ancestors, ere he returned to his adored Constance. Several months had glided on, when availing himself of the absence of his father, who had departed to visit a distant estate, he again set out on his way to Florence. Attended only by a confidential servant, he travelled with a lover's speed, and joyfully did he enter the fair city in which he had treasured up his hopes.

Day had closed when Eribert arrived at the place of his destination, and leaving his steed to the care of his attendant, he proceeded on foot to his wife's habitation. He paced the well-known street with rapid steps. The night was one of alternate gloom and brightness, and a cloud had now veiled the face of the moon, but he perceived a light burning in the home of Constance, and was in the act of bounding over the street, when he beheld the dark figure of a man muffled in a cloak emerging from the house. He started back in astonishment, and retreating beneath the shade of a projecting door-way, he watched unseen the

man's movements. The stranger cast around looks of anxious observation, and then glided stealthily away. What did he there? Could Madame Durazzo be the object of his visit—if so why did he steal away in such a guilty manner? Perchance Constance—at the thought a jealous fury fired his brain, and he rushed after the figure. The person whom he pursued, on hearing the advance of footsteps, stopped short, and turned suddenly round. "Villain!" cried Eribert, "defend yourself!" and unsheathing his sword, he dashed madly at the unknown, who drawing forth his own weapon, vigorously repelled the attack. They struck at random, for they were in darkness. By a chance thrust Eribert wounded the sword arm of his opponent, whose weapon fell from his grasp. Eribert's blade was aimed in the direction of his enemy's heart, when the moon burst its shroud, and shone brightly on the combatants. Eribert's hand sank powerless by his side—he sprang back as from a spectre—he gazed upon his father! For a few moments they stood in mute astonishment.

The silence was broken by the Marquis de Alberti. "What means this, sir!" said he, "have you turned spy — or think you I have lived too long, that thus you come upon me like a midnight assassin — boy wouldst thou commit parricide?" "By heavens, I knew you not!" said Eribert, in horror and surprise. "Follow me," said the Marquis. Eribert obeyed in silence, and his father led the way to an obscure house of entertainment. They entered a small room. The Marquis locked the door, and sank exhausted on a chair. Eribert would have assisted in binding up the wound he had inflicted, but his aid was refused. "Away!" cried the Marquis, "I seek no help from an assassin — explain this conduct, or you are henceforth no son of mine." "Father," said Eribert, "first tell me, in mercy I beseech you tell me, what know you of Constance Durazzo?" The Marquis started from his seat with a pale and ashy countenance, and his lips quivered with passion. His hand sought his sword, but the scabbard was empty. "Death and hell!" he cried,

"must I endure this, madman; forbear, forbear—tempt not thy father thus!" Then suddenly subduing his emotion, he recovered his former cold and haughty bearing, and thus addressed his son. "Presumptuous boy, by what right playest thou the spy upon my actions? How darest thou thus to question me?" "Hear me," said Eribert, "father, hear me. In this case, in this alone, I have a right to question you—the right of Constance Durazzo's husband!" "Her husband!" groaned the Marquis and fell senseless on the floor. Eribert, utterly confounded, used every means for his father's recovery, and he was at length restored to consciousness. He gazed around, with a wild and haggard look, and murmured "what horrid dream is this?—ha! Eribert—Great God! 'tis real!" He was again relapsing into insensibility, but, with a powerful effort, he mastered his feelings, and retained his faculties. "God, oh, God!" continued he, "the sins of the father are indeed visited on his children. Answer me—is Constance Durazzo thy wife?" "Father,

we are married." "Then Heaven pardon thee, my child, for THOU ART WEDDED TO THY SISTER!" "My sister!" gasped Eribert, convulsively—"no, no, it cannot be—father you rave—trifle not with me thus!" "Listen to me," said the Marquis, "listen, whilst my parched lips give utterance to a tale whose every word must sink into thy soul, as though impressed upon thy brain with brand of burning iron. Thou well know'st that a deadly feud subsisted betwixt thy mother's father and mine own. The enmity of parents descends not always to their offspring — thy mother and myself saw, and loved each other. We met often in secret, for we knew that our sires would never consent to our union, and in an evil hour, when passion triumphed over reason, thy mother fell from virtue. Oh, the agonies I was destined to endure from that fatal indiscretion! More than a year had elapsed, when I was informed that the effects of our stolen interviews could no longer be concealed. Feigning an invitation from a relative who resided at a distance from her father's

residence, thy mother contrived to leave her home for a time, and taking refuge in a retreat I had provided for her near Florence, she gave birth to an infant. I placed the child in the care of Madame Durazzo, with an injunction that she would adopt it as her own. A short period after this event, thy mother's father died, and as the enmity of my sire extended not beyond the grave, with some difficulty I obtained his consent to my union with the daughter of his deceased foe. Thy mother and myself were united, but still I resolved to preserve the reputation of my bride unsullied, and the offspring of our guilt knew not her parents. Having completed the business which was the cause of my present journey, I halted to-night, on my return homewards, at Florence. An irresistible impulse led me to re-visit the house of Madame Durazzo, and inquire from her the destiny of the infant I had confided to her care. I found that it had grown up to womanhood, rich in beauty and accomplishments. I enfolded the innocent fruit of my crime in my arms, and bestowed

upon it my blessing. Constance (such I found was the name bestowed upon my child) knelt before me, and earnestly entreated that I would at least inform her of her parents' names and rank, but pride, and a slavish fear of the world's censure, prevailed over the dictates of my heart, and I was proof against her supplications. I tore myself from her, and left the house."

After that night the Marquis de Alberti never again beheld his son, who soon found in battle the death which he sought. The brief remainder of the existence of the ill-fated Constance was terminated in a convent.

TO A POET'S CHILD

The rose is blooming on thy cheek, thou fair and
lovely child,

And in thine eye, so brightly blue, is laughing
gladness wild ;

Yet 'tis not for its loveliness that I thy face
admire—

I see impress'd upon thy brow the likeness of
thy sire.

Child of a minstrel's hope and heart, his lineaments I trace

Upon that sunny brow of thine, upon that infant
face :

Thou beautiful and gladsome one, e'en now do I
foretell

The gift of spirit-stirring song ere long with thee
will dwell.

Yes, thou wilt be a beacon, and a glory to the
 land ;
 Rank'd with a high and mighty race—the chosen
 minstrel band ;
 And when strange eyes do look on thee, and ask
 thee who thy sire,
 Then may'st thou proudly answer them—
 A MASTER OF THE LYRE.

Yet deem not thine a lot of bliss—too oft the
 bard is known
 To give a joy to other hearts, whilst sorrow
 claims his own ;
 And though thy lays be read by all, reckless
 will be the throng
 Of the deep woe that dwelleth with the child
 of love and song.

The warrior-chief receives his meed when victory
 is won ;
 The lowly peasant resteth him when toil of day
 is done ;

The daring hunter's soul is glad when fix'd the
 deadly dart ;
But for the minstrel, what is he ?—" a star
 that dwells apart."

The warrior-chief may perish in the radiance
 of his fame,
And the lowly peasant fade away—no record
 of his name ;
And of the hunter who can tell, when fled his
 parting breath ?
But the minstrel hath a glorious name, which
 dieth not in death.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD

It is the midnight's still and solemn hour,
And eyes and flowers are folded up in rest,
And glides the moon from out her sapphire bower,
With veil of clouds and star-embroider'd vest ;
And now there comes a voice to memory dear—
I WEEP to hear it, and yet LOVE to hear.

It soundeth not as it was wont to sound,
It greets me not with glad and laughing tone :—
Ah ! how is this ?—I call and search around,
Save mine own echo all is still and lone ;
Nor voice nor form — perchance my senses
dream—
I hear what is not, yet I waking seem.

It was HIS voice, the voice of my DEAD FRIEND—

DEAD !—speak the tenants of the silent grave ?

Have not earth's attributes a final end,

When sinketh life in death's o'erwhelming
wave ?

The spirit's destiny is hid in gloom,

All mortal things must perish in the tomb.

'Twas but remembrance of what once hath been,

And liveth still within the sorrowing heart :

Oh, mystic Memory ! for ever green

We view the past by thy all-potent art ;

Thou can'st restore the forms whose loss we
mourn,

Thou rend'st the grave, and bursts the funeral
urn.

And not alone unto my waking eyes

Is imag'd forth that lov'd, familiar form ;

In the night's visions doth the past arise,

And thoughts of him who dwelleth with
the worm :

I see him then—I hear, but not as now—
His voice is glad, and health is on his brow.

I hear him then as I was wont to hear,
I see him then as he was wont to be,
And comes his accents on my gladden'd ear,
As when of old we roam'd in converse free ;
And each to each sought only to impart,
Without disguise, the secrets of his heart.

My buried friend ! thou unto me wert bound,
Not by the ties which sordid beings bind,
But I in thee a kindred nature found,
Thou wert to me a brother of the mind ;
Thou could'st not brook the worldling's narrow
skill,
And wert the martyr of thine own proud will.

As one who sleeps and walks near rushing streams,
Surrounding dangers passeth heedless by :
So did'st thou live, wrapt in aspiring dreams,
Viewing the world with a regardless eye ;

With sickening soul mingling with soulless men,
Thou liv'd'st and died'st a god-form'd denizen.

Thou wert the child of high and lofty thought,
 Borne by the tide of thine own heart along ;
With chainless mind thine uncheck'd spirit
 sought,

 On soaring wing, the towering mount of song ;
Thou died'st or ere its proudest height was won—
A tameless eagle stricken near the sun.

**WHEN THE STARS
ARE BRIGHTLY SHINING**

**Meet me, sweet love, at the eventide,
When the moon walks forth in her maiden pride,
When o'er the blue heaven the white clouds glide,
And the stars are brightly shining.**

**Remember when first, oh, my gentle maid,
I met thee alone in the twilight shade,
And my vows at the shrine of thy beauty paid,
By the stars then brightly shining.**

**Oh, blest is that hour, and dear is the vale,
Where I told thee affection's honied tale,
And heard the sweet song of the nightingale,
Whilst the stars were brightly shining.**



Alas, for our childhood's happy day,
When we lov'd o'er the valleys green to stray,
And fairer to us than the sunny ray
Seem'd the stars so brightly shining.

Oh, dear to my heart are the shadowy gleams
Of the past, as they visit my joyous dreams,
When each scene that I lov'd before me seems,
And the stars are brightly shining.

Years have pass'd, and I love thee as well
As when first we met in our native dell ;
But I seek in vain for a nameless spell
In the fair stars brightly shining.

Oh, the visions of young romance have fled,
And the olden joy of our hearts is dead,
And no more o'er our souls is a radiance shed
When the stars are brightly shining.

Then meet me to-night, as we met of yore,
 Let us dream again of the times that are o'er,
 'Though as THEN we felt we can feel no more,
 When the stars are brightly shining.

THE WILL

There is scarcely any thing in a man's life of more importance than making a will, whilst, at the same time, there is nothing that he does more unwillingly. He cannot bear to think of the last moments of his existence; he dreads to look death in the face. He does not like to conjure up before his imagination the time when he must surrender up all those dearly beloved goods and chattels which he has taken so much pains to congregate together. It is any thing but pleasant to him to think that the treasures he has doted on must in a short time quit his possession; that his cherished wealth must leave him who has fostered

it so carefully, and go to those who will use it God knows how, and disperse it heaven knows where. I have known some eccentric fellows, to be sure, who seemed to take delight in making wills, and were continually altering, revising, and adding codicils to them, as though it were a pleasure to ruminate on the means, and devise plans for controlling the actions of their posterity. Making a will is, indeed, the only thing by which a man can exert a power over futurity, and say to himself "even when I am with the dust, such things shall be done." From an absurd and cowardly dread of death, and as though will-making shortened the period of life ; or else from unpardonable negligence, many people do not dispose of their property until they fancy the moment of dissolution is approaching ; and this act, which requires beyond any other, the aid of memory, and the dispassionate exercise of a cool and reflective judgment, is left to a time when the body is racked with pain, and the mental faculties are in a state of confusion. Through this circum-

stance, there are often many important omissions, or some of the passages are so obscurely expressed, that the will becomes a subject of bickering and dispute amongst the parties interested; a lawsuit is most likely the consequence, the property is wasted by exorbitant costs and expenses, and dissensions and heart-burnings are sown amongst those whom the testator was most anxious to benefit and conciliate. Let me hope that these few observations will cause my readers to think seriously on the subject, and, however small the value of their effects, to dispose of them whilst they have health and reason.

There are a set of rich old curmudgeons who are continually tantalizing their connexions on the subject, by tossing the ball of expectation from one party to another for the sole purpose of having their own way in all affairs with which they think proper to intermeddle. Their method of pronouncing an opinion is generally decisive — “Well, well, follow your own inclination, but remember you may repent not having taken my

advice." There are another class who manage to fill all their friends and relatives with golden visions, and are continually receiving presents and delicacies from one or another, until, after having been worshipped like an idol all their lives, they die, and all their property is found, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, to be left to some distant and obscure connexion that nobody ever dreamed of. I knew an old fellow, who in the opinion of his relations, was a very Cræsus. He lived in good style, kept up a handsome establishment, and was supposed to be immensely rich, though no one knew how or where his money was invested. This mystery, however, had only the effect of causing his friends to magnify his wealth—his property was incalculable. Children innumerable were named after him, and some scores called him godfather. "Aye, aye," he would say, patting a young urchin on the head, "William is a fine boy—I shall not forget my little god-son." Then the imaginations of the parents were at work as to how the money was to be laid out, and

castles innumerable were built on airy foundations. At length the old man died, and many attended his corse to the grave, with long faces and hearts throbbing with expectations of coming delight. Heavens, what a crowd was assembled to hear the reading of the will. The important document was produced — the goose with the golden eggs was now cut open, and, gracious powers, what an impression was created in the auditors ! There were a few trifling bequests of fifty or a hundred pounds, a ring to one, and a trinket to another ; but the countless hoards were no where to be found—they had vanished like the mists of morning. The testator had made dupes of all : he had somehow or other, in his lifetime, impressed them with magnificent ideas of his vast possessions ; but they now found to their sorrow, that his resources had expired with him, in the shape of a handsome annuity. Blank dismay was the portion of all ; curses, not loud, but deep, broke from their lips, and they left the house regretting the money they had expended on their black suits.

Whilst I am upon the subject of wills, I shall relate another anecdote which was told me by a friend of mine, who is in the law. Perhaps the reader may think that the circumstance of its being told me by a lawyer, does not go a great way towards establishing its truth ; but I can assure him that my friend, though an attorney, is an honest man, and one for whose veracity I can vouch. I shall give it as nearly as possible, in his own words.

A short time ago I was called upon to visit a client of mine, a wealthy old gentleman, for the purpose of drawing up his will. His two eldest sons were with him, and appeared to have a complete ascendancy over him ; in fact, the will was principally dictated to me by the sons, and not by the old gentleman himself. When we arrived at that part of the document where portions were to be given to the other children, I observed that the two sons were particularly anxious it should be got over as quickly as possible. The old man paused in his directions, and murmured "Edward — blameable as has been his conduct, I must not

entirely disinherit the poor boy, for—he is still my child !” Here he burst into tears and sobbed violently. The sons were alarmed—not so much on account of their parent’s sufferings, as from the fear that he would relent towards his youngest child, who, as I had before learned, had been, at the instigation of his brothers, banished from his father’s house, for having united himself to one who was considered beneath him. His young wife was beautiful and amiable, and though deprived of all aid from his relatives, he had managed to earn a comfortable livelihood by his own industry, and had it not been for the displeasure of the sire whom he loved, he would have been happy. When the old man became more calm, the sons set before him the conduct of their brother in the most aggravated colours. All their rhetoric was put in force against him, and, in the end, the testator was, seemingly, convinced of his youngest son’s worthlessness, and he was left out of the will. The document was finished, signed, and sealed, and I departed, pitying the son who had been so

cruelly disinherited. The next day, I was again sent for; and, had not my own eyes witnessed the truth, I could scarcely have believed it possible that a day would have effected so great a change in any one, as that which had taken place in the appearance of the testator. The preceding day he had reclined on a sofa—now he was in a bed—a bed from which I saw too plainly that he must never arise. His eyes were deeply sunk, and surrounded by a dark and livid circle—his cheeks had a dull and clayey hue—and it was with great difficulty that he spoke. He wished to make a trifling alteration in his will, and I was just about to commence a codicil, when I was interrupted by a noise and scuffle outside the room, and in rushed a young man apparently about the age of one or two and twenty. He flew to the side of the sick man's couch, and flinging himself on his knees, exclaimed, in a voice almost choked by sobs "Father, dear father! will you, can you die, without forgiving your disobedient, but almost heart-broken Edward?" The invalid regarded the intruder

with a glance of the greatest fondness, and then, covering his face with his hands, sunk back, overpowered by the excess of his feelings. The two eldest sons were instantly by his side, endeavouring to restore him to animation. No sooner did he show symptoms of recovery, than one of them turned towards the unfortunate Edward, who was still kneeling, as though unconscious of all that was passing around him, and cried in a stern and angry voice "Hence, unfeeling wretch ! nor dare to embitter the last moments of thy father, by thy hateful presence — hence, I say, ere thou tempts me to forget that I am thy brother, and force thee from the room !" "Hold !" exclaimed the agonised parent—"hold ! is he not my child ?—and shall I, merely for one rash act, deny him a portion and a blessing ? No," continued he, rising, and speaking with an energy I had thought him incapable of, "I now see my error—I have too long been the dupe of your unnatural arts to withhold my poor Edward from my sight. Away, lest in my wrath I curse you, and leave you portionless ! For

thee, my boy, thou didst offend, and now thou art forgiven. Come to my arms—too long hast thou been absent.” He pressed the weeping Edward to his breast, and I can safely say that I never felt more joy than when making out a fresh will, in which the youngest son was handsomely provided for. The old man’s disease was beyond the power of human skill to remove, and he died in the arms of his beloved Edward, a few days after the scene above narrated.

TO ————,
ON HER MARRIAGE

Say, do'st thou not remember well the time,
• When, each a happy and a sinless child,
We lov'd to roam from morn 'till evening's chime,
By grove and glen to gather blossoms wild?
And twine the red rose in our flowing hair,
Two joyous creatures knowing nought of care?

The world seem'd spread before us, one bright
scene

Of light and bloom, and trees and flowers and
streams,

A sunny garden which was ever green,
For nought of gloom was mingled with our
dreams :

Joy was round the present and the past,
And o'er the future hope its spells had cast.

A change came o'er our natures, and we smil'd
 To think of them the dreams of other years,
 When our young hearts by grief were undefil'd,
 (Save that sweet grief which causeth
 childhood's tears;)

And we believ'd the world held nought of pain,
 And cherish'd wishes time had long prov'd vain:

We still were in the spring time of our youth,
 And the world still look'd pleasant to the eye,
 Though many a vision had been chas'd by truth,
 And many a hope had blossom'd but to die;
 New ties had bound us, and had found an end,
 Yet still thou wert mine own beloved friend.

More sacred ties are twin'd around thee now,
 Another claims thy duty and thy love;
 Before high heaven your lips have breath'd the
 vow

To honour and to cherish—may he prove
 Thy ark of refuge from the world's dark sea,
 A joy, a blessing, gentle friend, to thee.

Be all thy wishes centred now in him,
Thy hopes and fears be ne'er from his apart,
So if his lot should for awhile be dim,
He then may turn unto thy changeless heart,
And find in thee, amid his sorrow's night,
A faithful guide, a lamp of quenchless light.

Our souls were never bound in that strong thrall
Which makes the heart yearn even to enchain
Each thought, each wish of its lov'd idol—all—
Blending with love at once a joy and pain;
My vows were never offer'd at thy shrine—
I wish'd thee happy, though no bliss were mine.

We grew together, and our friendship grew—
From child to maiden, and from maid to bride
I saw the change—in every change as true;
So may that truth still in thy heart preside—
The husband of thy choice, oh, may he find
Change visits not the soul where he is shrin'd.

THE SIBYL

A PICTURE

Turn not away thine eyes from me ;

What, though, by wizard art,
Pictur'd upon thine hand I see

The secrets of thine heart ;
No darkling thought of care or sin

With thee hath found a place,
But all is beautiful within,

Fair as thy form and face.

As yet there has not been a blight

Upon thy maiden years ;
The flashings of those glances bright,
Have ne'er been quench'd in tears.

The future cometh to my call,
The past—I see it still;
The past, the present, future—all
Are given to my skill.

Thou hast had dreams of happiness,
In days that now are gone ;
The future it hath bliss to bless
Thy lot, thou lovely one.
The chosen of thy secret flame,
I'll breathe it in thine ear—
Nay, start not, blush not at his name,
For he is true as dear.

Oh, there is many a beauteous maid,
Whose fate is wrapt in gloom,
And many a form of grace doth fade,
And find an early tomb ;
THINE is a sunny horoscope,
The visions of thy youth,
Each wish of thine, each cherish'd hope,
Will end in joy and truth.

**LINES ON THE PORTRAIT
OF A CELEBRATED FEMALE VOCALIST**

Child of the lute-like voice, and sunny brow !

**Sweet thoughts are with me, as thy type I see,
And blessed memories of the time when thou
Entranc'd my spirit with thy minstrelsy.**

Surely within thy youthful heart there dwells.

**Some fount of melody, some hidden spring,
In whose pure flow gush forth a thousand spells,
Joy, grief, or pity, o'er the soul to fling.**

Thou hast been foster'd 'neath Italian skies,

**Where myriads doted on thy voice and smile,
And gay, and noble, breath'd devoted sighs
To the young beauty of the sea-girt Isle.**

Maid with the violet eye, and swan-like mien !

When thou wert roving in a stranger-land,
Came there no thought of thine own valleys
green,

Like visions form'd by some enchanter's wand ?

Though proud and high-born listen'd to thy song,

And paid the tribute of their praise to thee,
Came not sad memories those bright scenes
among ?

Thine own dear land, oh, dwelt it not with thee ?

HERE every voice that hail'd thee, gave it not

A joy, a rapture to thy banish'd heart ?

Friends, dear familiar friends, HERE bless thy
lot—

THERE thou of all wert but a thing apart.

The young stag loves its own wood-paths to roam,

The quiet lamb its green and peaceful vale,

The fair flower droops if sever'd from its home—

And o'er thy soul its influence must prevail.

Oh, gentle minstrel, may no worldly blight
Cloud or destroy thy radiant loveliness ;
Nor time, nor sorrow, dim thine eyes, glad light,
Nor blanch the brightness of one wreathing
tress.

May'st thou through life pass as a breeze or bird,
With light, and joy, and music on thy way ;
And may thy voice 'mid angel-tones be heard,
Singing the praises of eternal day.

AGNES LEE

Agnes Lee was the only child of a respectable tradesman, and having been, from her birth, of a delicate constitution, she was brought up with more than ordinary care and tenderness by her parents. She had not, however, attained her fifteenth year when death bereft her of her father. Unfortunately for herself and mother, Mr. Lee's income had been barely sufficient to enable him to appear with credit in the eyes of the world, and maintain an elegant, though not extravagant household establishment ; so that on his decease, after defraying the expenses of his funeral, and paying off various small debts, little save the

furniture of their dwelling remained as the portion of his widow and daughter. Their domestics were immediately discharged, a smaller mansion entered upon, and such articles as were not really of use were disposed of. By adopting this plan, they were enabled to make a trifling addition to their small stock of wealth. What was now to be done—what course must they now pursue? Their scanty means would speedily be exhausted, and, thus suddenly flung upon their own resources, they were like two voyagers cast on an unknown shore, completely at a loss what path to take. Mrs. Lee cared not so much for herself as for her child, whose fragile frame, shrinking in the calm season of prosperity, seemed all unfit to cope with the bleak and chilling blasts of adversity; but it is not always those whose spirits are light and whose cheeks are flushed with health that bear up the best when the dark hours of adversity close around them. There are some whose virtues are unobserved, whose energies are buried in the solitude of their own breasts, until an unforeseen

stroke of destiny calls them forth ; there are beings who, like the night-loving flower, withhold their beauty and perfume from the sunshine, and when the shadows of misfortune cloud existence, and their gayer companions become sad and spiritless, shed around their fragrance and gladden with their loveliness. Such a being was Agnes Lee, and the pale and delicate girl who in prosperity seemed scarcely able to support existence, now she was required to exert herself in aid of her beloved parent appeared suddenly to acquire new strength and vigour. With promptness did she put in practice her mother's projects, and with discernment beyond her age suggest others.

No features ever bore a truer impress of their owner's mind than those of Agnes Lee. They were of that meek and angelic cast which an artist would covet for his model if he wished to paint a Madonna. Many, as she sat at the open case-ment, in the bright days of summer, would pause to gaze on her sunny countenance, and often, as they gazed, the words "God bless thee, Agnes

Lee!" would issue almost involuntarily from their lips. Her form was in accordance with her features, not lofty and commanding, but of that height which is usually termed the middle size ; rather slight, though not so much so as to destroy its symmetry. Her voice was sweet and plaintive, and like the harp which is awoke by the breeze, it varied with the slightest emotion of her heart.

From morning to night might she be seen plying her needle, and often was she heard chanting some simple and cheerful ditty. She was her parent's sole support and pride, and often were the widow's eyes suffused with tears as she looked on her fair and gentle child, whose lot was so early clouded by misfortune. Time passed on, and Agnes grew up in innocence and beauty, and her mother began to feel reconciled to her altered state. It was on an evening at the commencement of winter that Agnes was returning home, having been to purchase a few of the essential articles of female employment, when she was interrupted in her progress by a wretch who was far advanced in

a state of intoxication. Vainly did she attempt to escape from his persecutions; he was not to be discouraged, and the trembling girl was at length compelled to claim the aid of a passer-by to free her from her disagreeable companion. With one blow was the drunkard sent reeling to the earth, and her protector politely requested that she would allow him to be her escort home. She was too much alarmed to refuse, and he accordingly accompanied her to the dwelling of her parent, by whom he was rewarded with a profusion of thanks. The stranger, who was a tall and gentlemanly looking young man with a frank and ingenuous countenance, disclaimed all merit for the service he had performed, but earnestly begged that he might again be suffered to visit them. After some little hesitation Mrs. Lee complied with his request, and he took his leave, signifying his intention of calling upon them the following evening. From that time he became a constant visiter at the widow's house, and a passion with which she had hitherto been unacquainted took possession of the heart of Agnes

Lee. She loved — loved with all the devotedness of woman's first affection, and to her it was a dream of happiness, for she saw that she was beloved; yet at times, even in his most joyous moments, would the brow of her lover, as he gazed upon her innocent features, grow dark as night, and his lips would quiver as though he were under the influence of some concealed but powerful emotion. Often was Agnes alarmed as this expression came over his countenance, and as often did he evade all her enquiries as to its cause. So time wore away, and each day brought with it some fresh proof to Agnes of the increased devotion of her lover; each day he became dearer to her youthful heart. Alas, that the purest and strongest of human passions should too often prove a curse to its possessor! Why seek to prolong a tale of sorrow! Mrs. Lee was called on to visit a sick and distant relative, and during her absence Agnes became the victim of a seducer. Her lover took a base advantage of his power, and destroyed her happiness for ever. Her mirth, her gaiety,

her love of existence were now all gone from her—he spoke of their union, and she answered but by tears—he talked of coming gladness and joy, and still tears were her only answer. He endeavoured to cheer her heart and soothe her woe, but it was evident that he himself needed consolation, and cherished a cause of grief which he durst not trust his lips to utter even to her. When he spoke of their marriage he named no shortly coming day; he dwelt upon it as an event of joy, but his look and tone belied his language. Weeks thus passed in delusive promises. At length the hour, the day on which he had appointed to see her elapsed, and yet he came not. A weary, a miserable week did she spend in the agony of hope deferred, and no tidings were received of her lover.

It was evening, and Mrs. Lee had long been gazing with tearful eyes on the faded cheeks and colourless lips of her daughter. All inquiries as to the nature of her malady were fruitless, and little did her mother suspect the shame and dis-

honour which had polluted the temple of her hopes. A knock announced the postman's arrival with a letter — it was for Agnes. With a trembling hand and quivering lip did she tear away the seal; but no sooner had her eyes rested on the contents, than the letter dropped from her grasp, and with a wild and fearful shriek she fell prostrate on the floor. It was not until she was conveyed to a couch and restored to some degree of consciousness that the thoughts of her agonised and affrighted mother recurred to the letter which had occasioned this alarming paroxysm. Mrs. Lee now sought a solution of the mystery. The letter ran as follows:—

“For a villain like myself there is no hope of pardon here, or mercy hereafter. If there ever existed a fiend in human shape, such am I. I entered the abode of innocence, happiness, and virtue, and I left it the abode of guilt, shame, and sorrow. I found a lily of surpassing beauty and purity, and I have blighted it. Oh, Agnes, Agnes, how shall I tell the damning tale! My

tears blister the paper—a thousand furies seem preying on my heart, and my whole frame shakes with anguish. Agnes, ere I knew you I was MARRIED! Wretch that I have ever been—for gold I wedded one I loved not, and the result has been what I might have anticipated—misery to both. I saw you, and then I first knew what it was to love. Each time I beheld you strengthened the chain which bound me, until it grew too powerful to be broken. Many times I resolved to leave you for ever, ere I had made an impression on your sinless heart; reason, honour, every good feeling told me I was basely dragging you to destruction, but passion triumphed over all, and I stopped not until I had accomplished your ruin. For forgiveness I dare neither sue nor hope. My wife and I have for sometime been separated. I never loved but one, and she has been the victim of my love. All that I ask is that you will if possible forbear to curse me—I could bear all but the curses of Agnes Lee. Think of me as a wretch who has been the slave of passion—think of me as one

whose own thoughts are to him a hell, and the memory of whose crime, haunting him like a demon, will drive him on to death or madness. I know not what I say — I only know that the fate of the vilest felon—the stake, the flame, the halter, or the axe, would be for me a death too merciful, and would be bliss compared to the torments I now endure. Farewell—for ever.”

For many days Agnes Lee lay in a burning and delirious fever, and the health of her mother, which had been lately in a declining state, had received so severe a shock from the dreadful intelligence contained in the fatal letter, and her constant attendance on her ruined child, that it now became seriously affected. I am anxious to put an end to this tale of shame and suffering, and I shall therefore hasten to a close. Agnes rose from her bed of sickness to watch by the couch of her mother, for grief had done its work on her, and that mother was dying of a broken heart. She died, and no power could force the daughter from the parent's corse; nor day, nor night did

she quit the lifeless clay—she followed it to the grave—the damp earth hid the coffin from her view—and yet she wept not. She declined the offers of such as wished her to share for awhile their humble dwellings, and returned to her own lonely and desolate home, that home which had once been the abode of all her joys, which was now the refuge of her sorrows.

The night was far advanced, the candle burned dimly, and shone on the features of Agnes Lee with a yellow and flickering light, as she sat pale and motionless, when suddenly a loud knocking disturbed the quiet street. The impatient visiter, as though he could not brook further delay, on no answer being made to his summons, flung open the door, and rushed into the mourner's apartment. It was her betrayer. He clasped her to his breast—he imprinted kiss after kiss on her unresisting lips. "Agnes," cried he "my love, my wife, look up and speak to me. I am now thine own, thine own, beloved one. She who kept me from thee slumbers in the grave. I thought

not once that I could have rejoiced at another's death, but now I cannot check my soul's wild gladness. Wilt thou not look on me? I have erred, but years of penitence and love shall make amends for all—I will not, cannot live another day without thee. To-morrow must I call thee mine—to-morrow will I claim thee at the holy altar as mine own, my beautiful, my blessed bride!" He paused, and shrunk affrighted from the bloodless features and dull and vacant eyes which greeted him. "Lost, lost Agnes Lee—for ever, ever lost!" were the only words which broke from the mourner's lips. He gazed long and wildly on the face of her he loved, and striking his forehead distractedly with his clenched hands, he muttered "And this, too, is my work?"

Agnes Lee was a maniac—a maniac unblest with lucid intervals. Lover, friends, all were alike indifferent to her. She would sit for hours, gazing on some common object with unmeaning and lustreless eyes, and "Lost, lost for ever!" were the only words to which she gave utterance. Thus

for years did she linger, until death released her from her suffering and her sorrow. On her death-bed, for the first time since the estrangement of her reason, she recognised her penitent lover, who had not deserted her in her hours of darkness. She looked on him with a smile of intelligence, and he was happy, for he saw that she rejoiced to die in his arms.

BEAUTY'S MORN AND NOON

I saw thee first a young and gentle child,
That ne'er had dream'd of sorrow or of sin ;
By the world's taint thou wert all undefil'd,
And fair without as thou wert pure within :
I almost deem'd that Time would stay his wing,
Lest he should scathe so beauteous a thing.

Like the gazelle's thine eye was shy and bright,
Thy step was as the antelope's free tread ;
Thou liv'dst and mov'dst in radiance and light,
And where thou wert a joy around was shed—
As some wild flower that springeth up in bloom,
And fills the breeze with its own sweet perfume.

I thought not that the world could e'er hold aught
More rich in beauty than thy form of grace,
And 'mid earth's loveliness in vain I sought
For aught so lovely as thy sunny face;
I saw and bless'd—for years we dwelt apart,
Yet still thine image linger'd with my heart.

We met again—thou wert a child no more,
I look'd upon a graceful, sylph-like maid,
Such as was said to haunt, in days of yore,
The dreams of bard by fount and forest shade;
And childhood's charms had yielded one by one
To riper bloom, as stars yield to the sun.

She I beheld in life's enchanted morn,
Deeming nought lovelier e'er could bless my sight,
Even as the day from the fresh dawn is born,
In her full noon of beauty shone more bright—
The palm of loveliness was still thine own,
Thou wert excell'd, sweet, by thyself alone.

A DAUGHTER TO HER DEAD SIRE

My father! thou art sleeping now,
Within the silent tomb;
With tearful eye, and clouded brow,
I live to mourn thy doom.

My sire!—oh, God, thou answer'st not—
Thou CANST NOT answer me;
Thy lips are mute—the voice forgot
That wildly calls on thee.

They ask me why, with bloom decay'd,
I droop and pine away:
Oh, well the cheek of her may fade,
Whose heart is with the clay.

My young mates tell me that my voice
Hath lost its joyous tone—
It hath—for how can she rejoice,
Whose cause of joy is gone?

Nor song, nor dance hath charm for me,
Their witchery all hath fled;
I shun them, and I ask for thee—
I scarce can think thee dead.

To festive scenes they bid me turn,
And chase my vain regret;
But sure 'twere better still to mourn,
Than all thy love forget.

Thou wert the beacon of my youth,
The star whose cheering ray
Shone brightly o'er the path of truth,
And turn'd from vice away.

The star is quench'd—the ray hath fled,
 And dark and desolate
 My path—and can I know thee dead,
 And yet not weep thy fate ?

I heard thee breathe the parting sigh,
 I saw thee look thy last,
 My lifeless sire !—alas, that I
 Should say thy life is past !

I call, but thou do'st not awake—
 In vain the tear-drop flows ;
 Nor voice, nor tear of mine can break
 Thy dreamless, dark repose !

OH, THINK'ST THOU I REMEMBER NOT

Oh, think'st thou I remember not

The vows pledg'd at thy shrine ?

Oh, do'st thou deem thyself forgot,

When flows the sparkling wine ?

Amid the song, amid the dance,

Thine image dwells with me ;

Each fairy form, each thrilling glance,

But tells my heart of thee.

The lays I breathe are all thine own,

For thee I touch the lute ;

Had not thine eyes upon me shone,

Its tones had aye been mute.

Oh, thou hast been the star that shed

Its kindly light on me ;

When hearts grew cold, and joy had fled,

I found no change in thee.

TO THE BELLS

As thus I wander in the twilight's shade,
How fitfully doth come upon mine ear
Your far-off pealing music, sweet-ton'd bells.
Entranc'd I listen to your harmony,
That sounds so wild and changeful on the breeze.
Now doth it murmuring die upon the wind,
And now again it comes, with bursting swell
In full, deep melody, unto my soul.
I love to wander, when in serious mood,
And listen to your mellow, witching tones ;
They make to me e'en gloom and sadness sweet,
And pleasing to the mind. Ye do possess

A music, too, for bright and joyous hours :
 Oft have I seen the home-bound villager,
 His labour done, plod briskly, blithely on,
 As listening to your merry minstrelsy,
 From tower of rustic church, he ceas'd to think
 Of all the toils and hardships of the day.
 And ye have one, a solitary note,
 Of mournful, solemm import, which doth draw
 The mind to muse upon the dreary grave,
 And then doth lift the thoughts to regions fair,
 Far, far above the clouds—to lovely homes,
 Replete with holy joy and blessedness.
 A few short years, and other ears will perhaps
 Hear that same lonely knell tolling for ME :
 So let it be ! yet I will not repine,
 But rather strive to live so that when Death
 Shall call me to his damp and earthy couch,
 I there may rest awhile, then rise and shake
 From off my limbs his dull and heavy sleep,
 And wake again in Heaven's effulgent light.

FAIRS

This way, this way, for the players, the players; remember, Ladies and Gentlemen, this is none of your paltry conjuration.

HUMOURS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

I well remember the many delightful associations which the name of a fair used to conjure up in my young imagination. For weeks preceding it did I live in anticipation of the treat. It was a panacea for all my sorrows, and a stimulus to my good actions. If I offended I was terrified into reformation with a threat that I should be kept from the fair, and if my deeds merited reward, a promise that I should participate in its enjoyments cheered me on and incited me to persevere in a proper line of conduct. I can yet recall the time

when I was led by the hand of my nurse to this scene of bustle and pleasure. All that belonged to it had a peculiar delight for me. The crowds of people pouring into the place—the stalls of toys and gingerbread with which its approaches were lined, and the groups of astonished rustics, clad in their holiday suits, all furnished me food for amusement. When we reached the heart of the fair I was absolutely lost in wonder and amaze at the splendour and magnificence which greeted me. The spangled jackets and tinselled caps of the figurantes on the outside stages of the shows seemed to me the very essence of finery, and the drollery of the clowns never failed to provoke my risible faculties.

Things wore then a very different aspect at these places of amusement to what they do at the present period. The tinsel and spangles are bereft of their ancient glitter, the music has lost its melody, and the merriment of the clowns seems to have passed away. It may be that the change which has taken place in myself causes me to fancy

that these rude festivals are changed for the worse. The loud and clanging gong which announced the dismissal of an audience, is fast falling into disuse; the many witicisms of the clowns, which "were wont to set the rabble in a roar," are now seldom or never heard, and the very nature of the exhibitions is totally altered. The outsides of the booths it is true are more magnificent than formerly, and their decorations are of a more picturesque and gorgeous character. To me, however, this does not compensate for those pictures of fun and folly, those fantastic representations, and those wild and quaint strokes of humour which created of old such peals of laughter. The figurantes now move about as though their situation was one of too elevated a rank to permit them to bandy epithets with the gaping crowd, and the clowns themselves seem to consider any outside display of humour as detracting from their dignity.

Conjuring has had its day, and the vomiting of pins and needles, and the wonderful operation of

drawing out ribbons from the mouth are fast sink-into oblivion. Strong women, who could sustain ponderous weights by the hair of the head, or endure an anvil placed on their bosoms to be beaten with sledge hammers, no longer attract observation. Dwarfs, giants, and fat children must soon learn to earn a livelihood by labouring like ordinary mortals. Bears are no longer suffered to caricature the female sex, under the name of pig-faced ladies, and the whole tribe of this kind of impositions will speedily be put to the rout. Dramatic exhibitions are now the rage, and every thing else is abandoned to make way for theatrical representations. From the lowest booth to the splendid pavilion all are embarked in the acting-line. The celerity with which these exhibitors get through their performances is actually surprising. A play, two or three songs, and a pantomime being often gone through in little more than a quarter of an hour. Much has been said and written about the decline of the drama, and the departure of public taste for theatricals. Some have ascribed it to a dearth

of dramatic authors, others have imputed it to a want of talent in our actors ; but I am inclined to think that one of the chief causes of the desertion of provincial theatres has never been taken sufficiently into consideration. The lower is certainly not the most discriminating class, and to the people that compose this class it little matters whether the pieces they see are well or ill performed. Whilst they can gratify their inclination for dramatic entertainments at these penny or twopenny theatres, they will not visit the more expensive ones. Those of a higher order seeing the amusements of the drama so degraded, begin to treat them with neglect and contempt, and seek for some other gratifications in which to spend their leisure hours. To return from this digression. Even the exhibitions of "wild beasts" are losing their attractions. Formerly people contemplated these ferocious members of the brute creation in awe and astonishment, and many a heart has palpitated at beholding the blood-thirsty tiger, or on hearing the growls of the captive monarch of the

forest, as its daring keeper thrust his head into its capacious mouth. The feats of the sagacious elephant were once objects of intense surprise and curiosity, and the dexterity and docility with which it discharged a pistol, knelt at its keeper's command, took up a sixpence with its huge trunk, or made its bow to the company, were long themes of conversation with the beholders. The famed theatrical elephants have now thrown into the shade all others of their species, and Van Amburg and Carter with their troops of lions, tigers, &c. will shortly make the public cease to think of the tenants of a cage.

Though fairs have no longer the charm for me which they possessed in youthful days, I still love to ramble through them, and gaze on these scenes of old delights. I generally too, once during a fair, pay a visit to one of the booths, especially if I can meet with one of the old stamp—an exhibition consisting of balancing, slack-wire dancing, tumbling, and so forth. Whilst I am on the subject of fairs I cannot forbear introducing to the

reader a character with whom I became acquainted some years ago, whilst waiting on the outside stage of one of the booths for admission.

Wheedling Joe, as he was nick-named, had been an exhibiter at fairs all his life. He had been a performer on the flying rope, a tumbler, a tight rope dancer, and lastly a clown. This last was his favourite character, and he was a complete adept at all the whimsicalities incidental to a correct representation of the part. His method of converting the salt-box into a musical instrument was beyond parallel, and his jokes were unrivalled. When I first saw Joe he was habited as a clown, and had contrived to become possessed of a small booth of his own. No persuasions could ever induce Joe to give into the modern practice of dramatic exhibitions. Whilst all his neighbours were adapting their performances to the taste of the times, and hiring a set of rascals to stamp and rage, and tear their native language to tatters, Joe stood firm. With him, balancing, tumbling, and slack-wire dancing were still the

order of the day, and ever and anon, amidst the din and confusion around him, might his voice be heard inviting people to walk into the only genuine exhibition in the fair. The people left poor Joe and his genuine exhibitions to themselves, and flocked to witness the innovations of his neighbours. He bore up against poverty with a light heart, and it had not the effect of making him change his opinions. However, it often obliged him to put in practice the art of wheedling, for which he was celebrated. When Joe had almost finished erecting his booth he was generally short of some trifle, which his pocket was too low to enable him to purchase. A piece of timber or a yard or two of canvass were sometimes articles absolutely necessary for the completion of his edifice, and these he could only obtain from the generosity of his richer neighbours. When he found how matters stood, away he would post to Mr. C——, the proprietor of the circus, and commence a rambling discourse on the ordinary topics of conversation, until he found a way of introducing

his request at what he conceived to be a favourable opportunity. The end of Joe's harangues was always in language something like the following. "My eyes! Mr. C——, but you have a fine set of prads (horses)—a beautiful set of prads—I never saw such a set of prads in my life, and I have seen prads before to-day. I say Mr. C——, you'll draw 'em in this time any how. There's S——, now at the other side with his acting-shop—knock 'em down, blue fire, a ghost, and "turn out." It wont do, Mr. C——, it wont do—folks wont stand it—they've had enough of acting. They want to see a bit of horsemanship—that's the thing for drawing 'em in. I've a snug little concern of my own though, that'll make one or two of 'em look queer—a tight little thing it is—quite complete—except at the top, where the LITTLEST bit of canvass—you haven't a bit of canvass—the LITTLEST bit in the world, to spare—have you?"

Joe mostly accomplished his object, and then, after having secured his prize, set off to Mr. S——, the proprietor of a splendid booth on the

opposite side. "My eyes! Mr. S——, but you've a nice set of men—a beautiful set of men—I never saw such men in my life, and I have seen men before to day. I say Mr. S——, you'll draw 'em in this time any how. There's Mr. C——, now, on the other side with his prads. It wont do Mr. S——, it wont do—folks wont stand it. They've had enough of riding. They want a bit of acting—knock 'em down, blue fire, and a ghost—that's the sort of thing for drawing 'em in. I've a snug little concern of my own, &c." He always ended with a similar request.

Thus did he manage to live, until one unlucky day, in swallowing a sword, (a favourite trick of his) he happened to thrust the blade a little too far, and, before it could be extricated, poor Joe was incapable of swallowing any more.

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT

He did not yield as cowards yield,
Upon the battle-plain ;
Full many a dint was on his shield,
His corslet reft in twain ;
The bright blade of his falchion good
Was cover'd o'er with Moslem blood.

The waving plume his helm had left,
And broken was the lance
That many a guarded heart had cleft,
Yet quail'd not his proud glance,
Till foeman's hand, with dastard blow,
Struck him, amid his conquests, low.

They bore him to a castle-keep,
 Begirt with massy stone,
 And in a dungeon dark and deep,
 The captive-knight was thrown,
 Distant from cheering voice and far
 From steel-clad hosts and sound of war.

Was this a fitting place for him,
 A gay and noble knight?
 And must his glory thus grow dim,
 Thus end his pathway bright?
 The damp his balm for festering wound,
 His couch the chill and clammy ground.

He had been lull'd by perfum'd sigh
 Unto a gentle rest,
 O'er him a rich-wrought canopy,
 His pillow beauty's breast;
 And who to his fair bride should tell
 He languish'd in a loathsome cell?

They left him in his solitude,
 To sicken, droop, and moan,
 The coarsest bread his only food,
 His seat a crumbling stone ;
 A stranger to the light of day,
 They let him pine and waste away.

Then brought they robes and gems of price,
 To be to him a dower,
 If he his faith would sacrifice,
 And own their prophet's power ;
 With flashing and indignant eye,
 He spurn'd them and he ask'd to die.

They loaded him with heavy chain,
 And taunted bitterly,
 Told him he had not ask'd in vain,
 For he with dawn should die ;
 And then they left him to his fate,
 Fearless, though doom'd and desolate.

Night veils the gloomy keep around,
Anon is heard a clash,
And warlike men with thundering sound,
The gate of dungeon dash ;
And brightly breaks the morn to see
The Moslem quell'd, the Christian free.

TO AN INFANT

Sweet babe, that clingest to thy mother's knee,
As to the oak the loving ivy clings,
Ah, would that I were once again like thee !
Woe comes with years, and care with reason
springs.

No breath of sin e'er stain'd those lips of rose ;
The glance of joy that flashes from thine eye
O'er thy fair cheek a witching halo throws,
Like landscape glowing 'neath a cloudless sky.

How quickly is awoke thy childish mirth,
As quickly, too, are caus'd thy dew-like tears ;
But dies thy grief the moment of its birth,
Whilst mine is heartfelt and endures for years.

THY grief! oh, is it grief?—a summer-shower
Lasting an instant, then 'tis bright and fair;
A passing cloud amid a sunny hour—
Mine is the chilling winter of despair.

I am not aged—I am young in years—
O'er blighted hopes, perchance I have not
wept,
Yet have I sorrow'd UNRELIEV'D by tears,
And my sunk eyes have care-fraught vigils
kept.

I would that I were once again like thee!
My wish is vain—life is not as the tide
That onward flows, then back again doth flee—
It is a stream that onward aye must glide.

Man is a boat launch'd on a stormy sea,
Expos'd to every shock of wind and wave,
Running his course unto eternity—
He droops his sails—his harbour is the
grave.

Thy sails are spread, and beautiful art thou,
 Bright be thy journey o'er life's troubled
 stream ;
 Though much I fear the joys thou dream'st of
 now
 Will all, alas, prove but to BE a dream.

THE DREAM

I had a dream in the still hours of night,
The breath of roses mingled with the air,
And silver streams were gushing 'neath the light
Of the bright moon, which like a maiden fair,
Walk'd o'er the pathway of the azure skies,
As one that shone to gladden and to bless,
And the fair stars, as radiant as thine eyes,
Floated in heaven in throbbing loveliness.

A low sweet voice came murmuring to mine ear,
And sounds of music swell'd the passing
breeze.

And long I stood transfix'd 'mid hope and fear,
Listening entranc'd to distant melodies :

I gaz'd—from out a green and leafy bower
 A form of beauty burst upon my sight ;
 I felt upon my soul a spell of power,
 And my heart trembled with a new delight.

The image of my dreaming glided on,
 And all seem'd brighter as she pass'd along,
 And still the voice of that most beauteous one
 Made rich the air with melody and song ;
 And as I saw her form of grace depart,
 My ears drank in a burthen wild and sweet,
 Whose words must linger ever with my heart :
 Thus sang the maid "We do but part to meet!"

'Twas but a vision, and I had no thought
 Of living maid so beautiful as she
 Whom sleep had pictur'd, for I deem'd that
 nought
 Of mortal birth so lovely e'er could be.
 I met thee—could it be ?—ah, mystic sleep,
 Through its dim shadows doth the future
 gleam ?

I saw in thee the image graven deep
Within my soul—the minstrel of my dream !

Say, wilt thou pardon him who dares to name
Thee and thy loveliness in his rude lay ?
The humble shepherd sure thou would'st not
blame,
Who wakes his lute to praise some star's
bright ray :

Thou unto me art as a glorious star,
A lovely orb which I must needs admire,
A light which I may worship from afar—
Then, lady, frown not though I wake my lyre.

Or thou shalt be a saint, and I will be
A lowly pilgrim kneeling at thy shrine,
Offering, as proof of my idolatry,
A simple token to thy powers divine ;
Lady, reject not then thy pilgrim's prayer,
Accept his gift for unto thee belong
The dowers of melody and beauty rare,
Thou gentle queen of loveliness and song.

THE BETROTHED

The world for him held only one—
She died—and he was desolate—ANON.

There is nothing more afflicting than the death of a young and virtuous female; one who passes away like a flower which just opens its bright blossoms to the sun, and then fades and withers under the influence of some blasting mildew. It is, indeed, a mournful thing to behold one of those lovely beings, who dwell upon the earth like creatures of another and a purer element, one moment flitting across us radiant with health and beauty,

and in the next to know that they are food for the loathsome worm. It is true that their death is not productive of the same evil consequences as that of a mother ; they leave behind them no offspring to weep their loss and grow up amidst ill usage and neglect ; and yet, for my own part, I cannot help viewing their departure as I should the quenching of one of the loveliest stars of heaven. I should not regret so much that a world had perished, as for the loss of its light and beauty. Never did death strike a fairer victim, and never was victim more mourned for, than she of whom I shall now present an imperfect sketch to the reader.

I shall describe Marian Seymour as she was in her nineteenth year, a few months previous to her death. She was about the middle, or rather of the lower size ; yet, though her figure was somewhat diminutive, the most fastidious observer would not have denied that it was exactly proportioned in the scale of symmetry. However, it was not her figure that formed her principal at-

traction; it was her features, her innocent and expressive features, which you could not look upon without being prepossessed in her favour. Her eyes were exquisitely beautiful, and yet, even now, I cannot be positive as to their colour; they were so bright, and glanced so shy and fawn-like from beneath their long silken fringe, that it is difficult to paint them truly, though I believe them to have been of a deep violet hue. Her hair was a rich auburn, and twined round a neck and brow which rivalled in stainless purity the snowy plumage of the swan; and her voice had one of those low melodious tones which dwell upon the ear like "faint echoes of remembered music." Happiness was in her heart, and health on her brow, and thus she grew up, a glad and sinless child, the dove of her parents' ark—the flower of their rural dwelling. Unused to mingle with the world, she wished not for its pleasures, and was a stranger to its prejudices.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

but it was not so with Marian Seymour; and it would have been hard if all the deep and fervent feeling, enshrined within her young breast, had been suffered to exist without being called into action. Retired as she lived, there was one eye which had found her amid her seclusion; there was one heart which admired her beauty and appreciated her virtues. Albert Russel was the only son and favourite child of a wealthy widow who dwelt in the neighbourhood. Often in his morning rambles, had he seen the fair form of Marian, as she scattered the grain to her brood of doves, whilst they hovered around their benefactress, or perched fearlessly upon her shoulder. It recked not to tell how the youthful couple formed an intimacy; suffice it to say that Albert Russel loved Marian Seymour, and was loved in return, yes, ardently, devotedly loved. I am of those who hold the opinion that the heart can know but once the passion of love in its truest and purest state: we may, perhaps, in the course of life, feel it many times in a slight degree; but once, and once only.

can we feel that deep and engrossing passion which throws a halo around its object, making it appear as something superior to the common things of earth, and casting over our path an air of romance and gladness. First love is as the bright waters of the spring, which though they may flow on joyously at a distance from their birth-place, are still purest at their source.

Towards the close of the golden days of summer, when they were about to fade into gray twilight, you might see the bark of the birch-trees which lined the lane leading to Marian Seymour's dwelling, darkened by the shadow of a light and agile form, which bounded swiftly forward; and then you might hear the rustling of drapery, as it fluttered in the low breeze, and behold a blushing female clasped to the bosom of a graceful youth. Thus evening after evening, did the lovers meet. They lived but for each other: their very souls seemed blended together, and they appeared actuated by one thought, one impulse, one desire—that of contributing to each other's

happiness. To speak in the language of the immortal Shakespeare,

"They grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partation;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies but one heart."

It was verging into the spring-time of the year; the rose, the violet, and other flowers that love the warm sun, had not yet unfolded their leaves and given their beauty to the eye; and the modest daisy and star-like primrose were almost the only gems of nature that peered from out their green veils and looked on the smiling landscape, when Albert was obliged to make a journey into the western part of England, for the purpose of investigating a considerable portion of landed property, which had descended to him by the death of a distant relative. The business was not expected to detain him above a month, but, like one who has the keeping of a rich treasure, and is afraid to be a moment from it, lest some rapacious hand

should seize it and bear it away, so fearful was he of leaving his beloved one, that ere he bade her farewell, at his urgent request they were solemnly betrothed in the presence of their mutual parents. It is almost useless to attempt to describe their parting: those who have themselves been in a similar situation will easily imagine how many bitter tears were shed, and how they clung together at the last moment, and with what agony they breathed the long-delayed adieu. To those who have not been similarly situated, mere words would be ineffectual to convey an idea of their feelings.

Contrary to Albert's expectations, on arriving at the place of his destination, he found that he should be detained for the space of two or three months: he, accordingly, wrote to Marian, lamenting the circumstances which prolonged their separation, assuring her of his unchanging fidelity, and fixing the time of his return as the period when he hoped to lead her to the altar. When those with whom we are in the habit of associating daily

are seized with a slow and lingering illness, it is almost impossible for us to judge accurately of the change which the disease creates in the appearance, whilst one who has left the invalid in health, and has been for some time absent, is astonished at the ravages which have been committed by the disorder. So it was with Marian Seymour; in the eyes of her parents she had scarcely undergone any alteration; they saw that her cheeks had gradually assumed a pale and almost transparent hue; the faint crimson, that was wont to overspread her features, seemed to have congregated together, and settled in two small spots of bright and dazzling red; still, however, they were not alarmed for her safety. She had not the same lightness and buoyancy of step which she possessed a few weeks before; her favourite walks were neglected, and she seldom left the shelter of her home; but she complained not, and her parents thought their child would resume her bloom and cheerfulness on the re-appearance of her lover.

Near the end of July, Albert Russel, having finished the business in which he had been engaged, again enfolded Marian Seymour to his heart. When the first transports of their meeting had past, he was struck with the change, the fearful change, which was visible in her wan countenance and wasted form. It was in vain that he attempted to deceive himself; he saw too plainly that a slow, but sure consumption, was exerting its withering influence over his destined bride. "Good God!" said he mentally, after the transient glow which had lit up her features at their first greeting had vanished, "and is it thus we meet again?—do I behold her but to know that she must soon be lost to me for ever?" She endeavoured to appear cheerful, but it was evident to the eyes of her lover that she was aware of the destiny that awaited her. He spoke to her of their union. "Not yet," said she, with a mournful smile; "not yet; wait but a little longer, and all will be well."

At the decline of the day which followed Albert's

return, the lovers sought one of their accustomed walks. It was one of those tranquil and delightful evenings which are often witnessed at the beginning of autumn. The clouds, as they careered majestically through the heavens, with their dazzling hues of purple, silver, and gold, appeared like the splendid chariots of some gorgeous pageant, moving in triumph along the blue plain of the sky; and here and there, a pale star shot forth its trembling rays, like a costly gem glittering in the coronet of some young beauty. The happy minstrels of the green-wood, were warbling their last songs to the God of day; and the low breezes swept sighingly by, bearing in their wanderings a treasure of sweet perfume, which they had wafted from the meadows, and the odour-breathing flowers. The leaves had already begun to forsake the trees; some were scattered on the ground, yellow and shrivelled, whilst others only slightly adhered to the branches, trembling as if conscious that the next blast would accomplish their destiny. Supported as Marian was, by the

arm of her lover, her delicate frame was too much impaired to sustain any exertion, and after a short walk they seated themselves on a grassy bank, overshadowed by the spreading branches of the elm—a couch which nature seemed to have formed as a resting-place for the weary. A leaf became detached from one of the boughs above them, and floating a moment in the air, alighted on the maiden's bosom. She surveyed it for some time in silence, and then exclaimed, in a tone of sadness, "Albert, in this leaf I behold an emblem of myself; it hath not remained on the tree until it became seared and withered like its companions; it hath passed away in its greenness, and thus shall I pass away. I am conscious that the period of my death is rapidly approaching, and I own that I cannot contemplate it with firmness. To some this may have been but a world of sorrow, yet it hath not been such to me. I have partaken only of its joys; I have known not of its griefs. It may be that I shall never again gaze on the setting sun, and the glorious landscape spread out before

me; it may be that I look on the sky and the stars, and listen to the wild song of the birds, and the hum of the hive-bound bees for the last time; and oh, my Albert, I am indeed sad to think that I must soon leave this pleasant world, and those whom I love, for ever." Vainly did her lover attempt to reason away her forebodings; she knew too well that the hand of death had marked her as its victim.

It is well known that those who are labouring under consumption may struggle with the disorder for an extraordinary length of time, without being able to conquer it. The mellow tint of autumn gave place to the snow of winter, and still Marian Seymour lived on with scarcely any perceptible alteration, save that she daily grew more feeble, and was, at length, unable to leave her parent's dwelling. One clear, moonlight night she appeared more cheerful than she had been of late, and when she parted from Albert, who was unremitting in his attentions, a smile, as though of hope, illumined her features. Assisted

by her mother she prepared for rest, and as the moon shone full upon her through the casement of her chamber, whilst she knelt in prayer, her anguished parent was unable to restrain her tears, for she said that her daughter looked too saint-like to dwell longer in a world like this. The morning sun had melted the frost-work on the window-panes, when her mother again entered her chamber. She appeared to be still sleeping; her lips were parted, and a glow was on her countenance, as though she were wrapped in some blessed dream. "I will not wake her now," said her mother, and retired. The day was far advanced when she again visited her couch. She had moved not; she was still calm and placid as before; and long, long might her waking have been awaited, for she slumbered in death.

Soon after this event Albert Russel left the village of his birth, and embarked in a life of commerce. He became a rich merchant, and distributed his wealth beneficently; but he died unmarried, and his heart never knew a second love.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION

EDGAR VERNEY

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS

WILMOT HENRY JONES, PRINTER, MANCHESTER

